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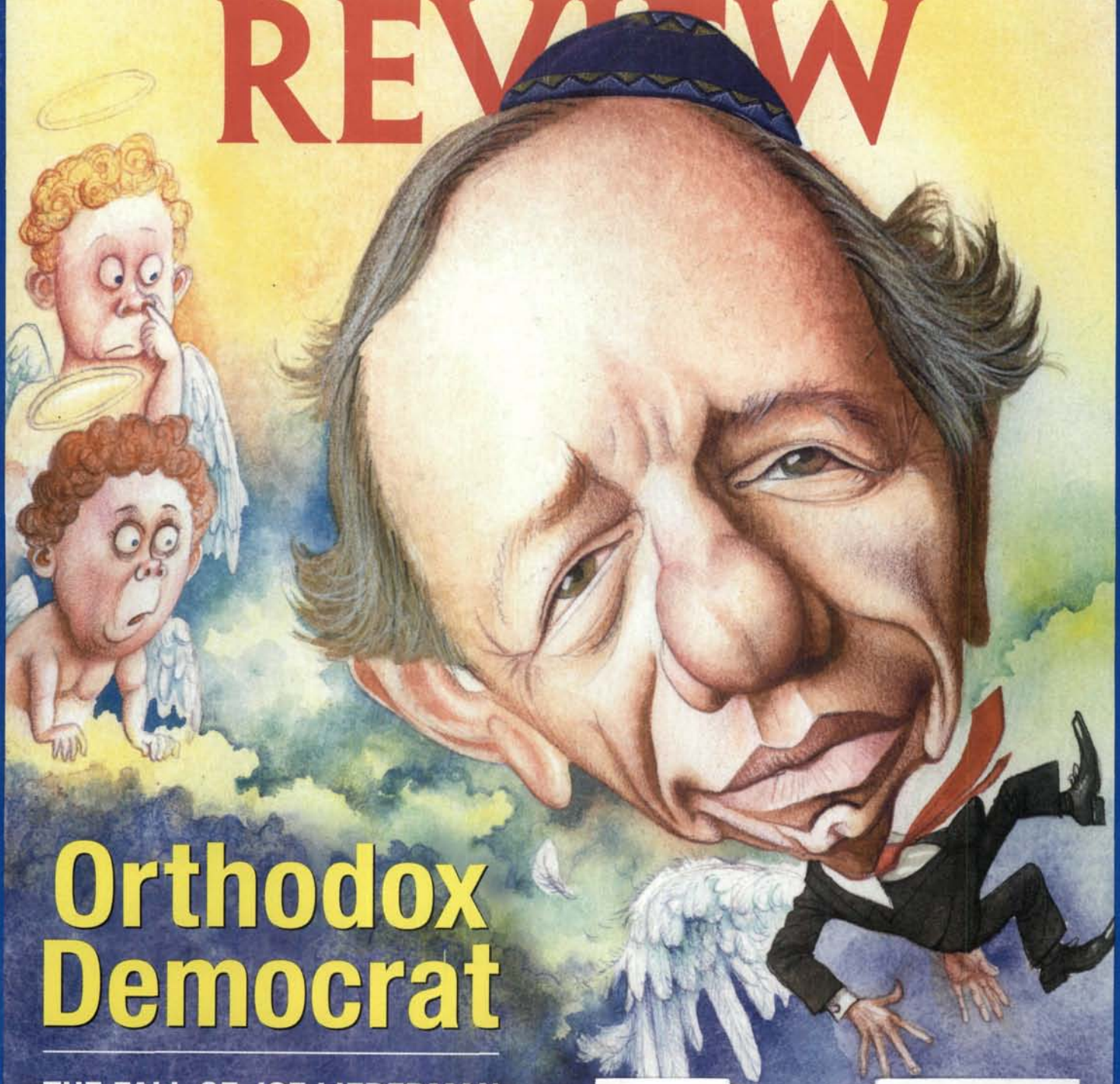

Orthodox Democrat

THE FALL OF JOE LIEBERMAN

by Jay Nordlinger

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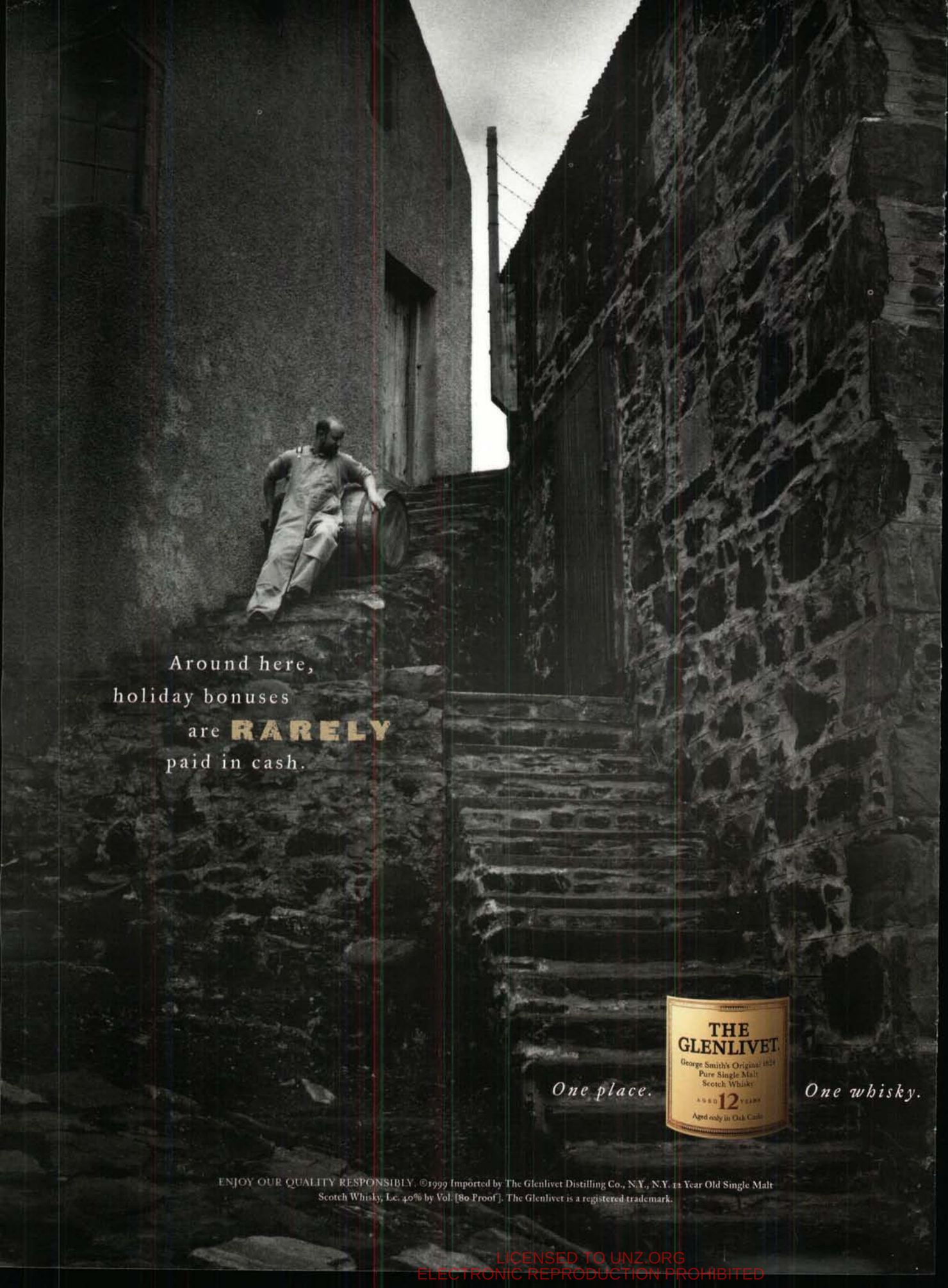

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DECEMBER 31, 2000 VOL. LII, NO. 25

ARTICLES

20 Losing in Advance *by John O'Sullivan*
How Republicans fight.

22 Black Mark *by John J. Miller*
The NAACP discredits itself in Florida.

26 Undue Restraint *by Richard A. Epstein*
Why judicial activism has its place.

30 '9 Edge First' *by John Derbyshire*
An ode to the punch card.

34 Orthodox Democrat *by Jay Nordlinger*
The fall of Joe Lieberman.

39 Palm Beach Confidential *by Byron York*
Smokes, doughnuts, and other war stories.

42 A Trapp Family Christmas
by Aloïse Buckley Heath
An NR tradition.

45th ANNIVERSARY *special*

46 Only Five Years to Gold

54 Covers

56 Meet Rob, Meet Roman *by Rob Long and Cristopher Rapp*

57 Our Gang *by Jay Nordlinger*

Cover art by Roman Genn

BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Goodbye to All That?—*John O'Sullivan*, **page 66**
The Abolition of Britain: From Winston Churchill to Princess Diana, *by Peter Hitchens.*

Patriot in Gray—*Jay Winik*, **page 70**
Jefferson Davis, American, *by William J. Cooper Jr.*

Soul Survivor—*Carol Iannone*, **page 74**
Another Beauty, *by Adam Zagajewski*

Film: Where's the Love?—*John Simon on* Quills *and* Proof of Life, **page 76**

SECTIONS

6 Letters
8 For the Record
10 The Week
62 Help!
64 Letter from Al
72 Shelf Life
78 On the Right
80 The Misanthrope's Corner

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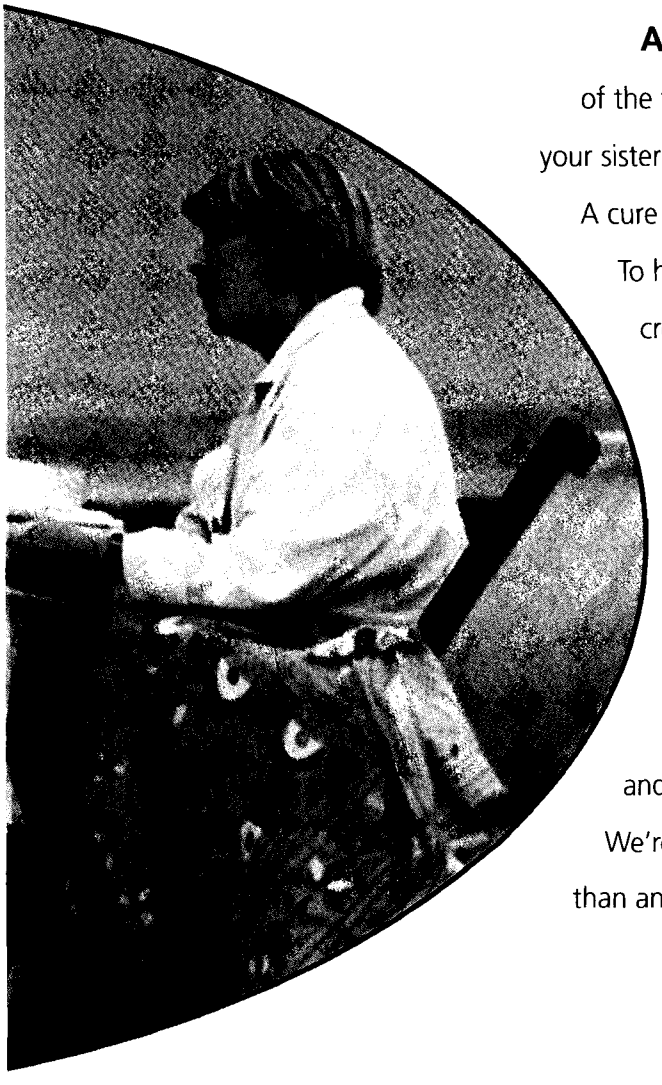

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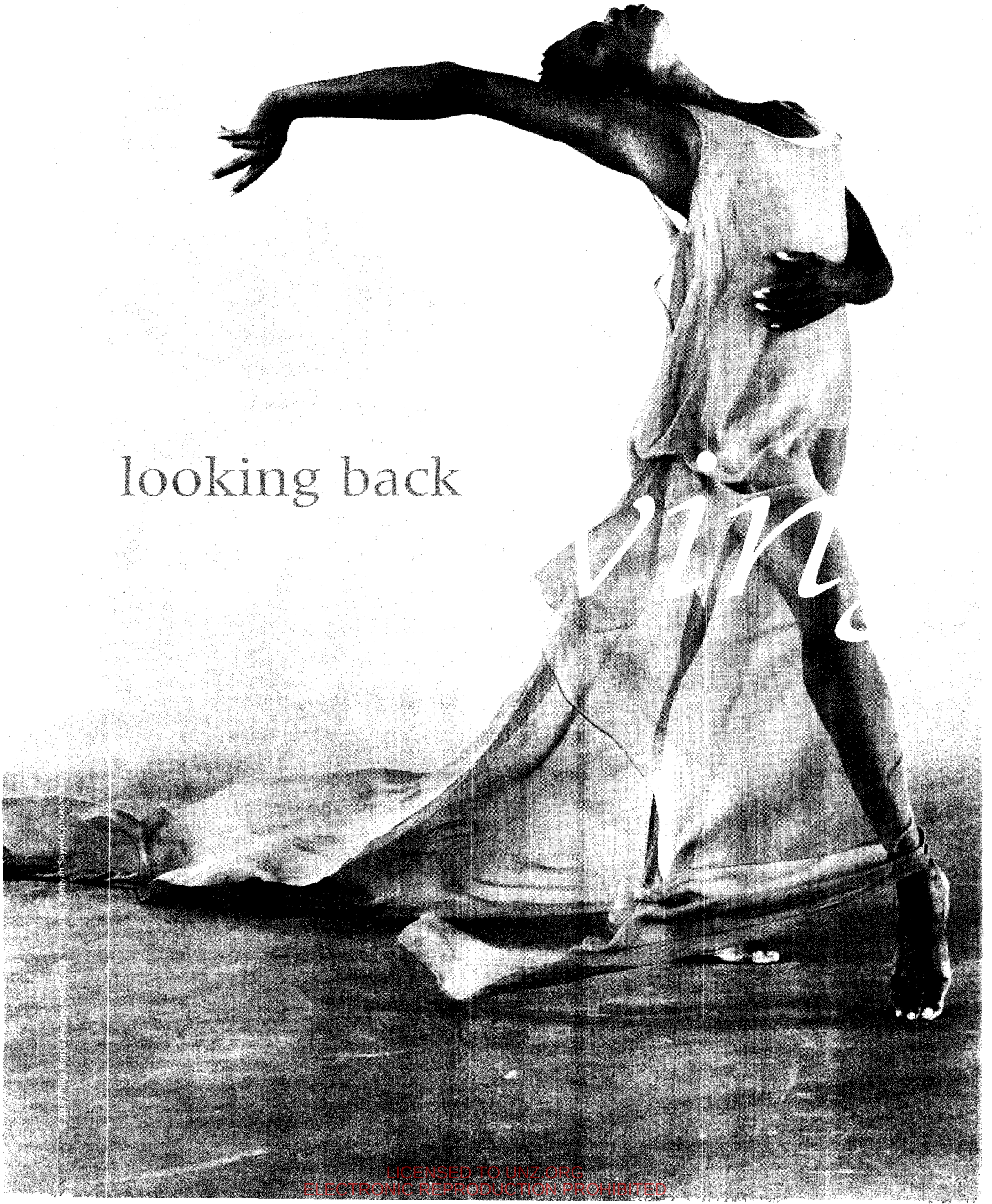

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Executive Publisher Scott F. Budd
Advertising Manager Todd Westover
Account Executive Elizabeth Capano
Detroit Rep. Joseph J. Colucci 248-626-9918

PUBLISHER
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■ LETTERS ■

KING FOR OUR DAY

My husband has been subscribing to NATIONAL REVIEW for a few years now. It had always been *his* magazine. (There weren't any pictures to lure me and the articles often sounded stuffy.) Last night, I pushed past the initial dryness and ended up reading it all night, impressed and engrossed not only with the quality of writing, but also with the compelling arguments and brilliant imagery offered by your writers. Of all of the articles, Ward Connerly's "The GOP's Black Problem . . ." (Dec. 18) is the most stunning and persuasive. It is a masterpiece. How in the world could Jeb and George W. discard this man's arguments? For the sake of conservatism I hope and pray our Republican leaders begin to heed the sound advice of people like Mr. Connerly.

Hannah Zasadny
Roseville, Minn.

Ward Connerly's devastatingly honest article would be vigorously endorsed by Teddy Roosevelt, who in 1915 said: "There is no room in this country for hyphenated Americanism."

Ernest W. Lefever
Chevy Chase, Md.

'THE BIG CREEP'

I was surprised to see Linda Mealer's letter criticizing NATIONAL REVIEW's "Big Creep" cover ("Letters," Dec. 4), especially since that opinion is an example of the weak-kneed tolerance that is destroying the character of our nation.

The writer asks for respect for the office of the presidency and the man who holds it. The office, yes; the man, no. Giving respect where none is deserved is hardly a lesson the children she purports to care for should learn. Unless, of course, she wishes to teach them that black is white, and should be called white no matter how black it is, in accordance with the political correctness that passes for truth these days.

Thank you, NATIONAL REVIEW. You made my day!

Janet Brown
Jacksonville, Fla.

ELECTION-DAY CASUALTIES

Your list of senators and congressmen whose electoral losses in November should be mourned ("The Week," Dec. 4) inexplicably omitted someone worthy of thanks: Rep. Bill McCollum of Florida, who was running for the Senate after 20 years of quietly distinguished service in the House.

In the chaos surrounding the presidential count, nobody seems to have noticed that other Florida races may have been decisively influenced by the networks false announcements that the presidential race in Florida was over before the polls in western Florida had closed. Potential Bush voters who gave up and went home might well have sent McCollum to the Senate, where he would undoubtedly have served with similar distinction. Like James Rogan, McCollum was one of the targeted impeachment managers. His absence from Capitol Hill will be a significant loss.

Rosanne Klass
New York, N.Y.

YOU'RE SO VAIN

I was amused to read Jonah Goldberg's comment about Jesse Jackson running for any camera ("The Worst Democrat," Dec. 4). I would note that anytime he comes out of an airplane he has arms waving as though he were greeting a huge crowd. There's no one, but maybe there will be a camera. It's funny to behold.

Ralph Slovenko
Detroit, Mich.

TREASURE TROVE

John Derbyshire is a treasure, and his article of Dec. 4 ("'Twixt Heaven and Earth") is indeed a gem. As a lifelong denizen of arguably the most liberal and politically correct metropolitan area in the nation, I've been continually appalled and amazed at the fervor with which seemingly rational people go about championing issues that increasingly constrict their purses. Mr. Derbyshire has neatly and gorgeously encapsulated what might be called, in '60s parlance, the "death trip." More, please . . .

Lance Swing
San Lorenzo, Calif.

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Britain's NHS Finds Partner in Private Sector

by Dr. Tim Evans

In past years many believed that Britain's fully nationalized National Health Service (NHS) might one day become the envy of the world, and a universal model for healthcare provision. Today, after years of pressures and problems, Prime Minister Tony Blair's government has signed a landmark Concordat with private and voluntary health and social care providers. The agreement means that NHS-funded patients will increasingly be able to receive treatment and care in independent sector facilities.

This is a step in the right direction, and health policy-makers in other countries should take note. In the U.S., for instance, the future course of healthcare policy remains the subject of lively debate. Should greater state intervention be adopted; could greater market-oriented consumerism play a more beneficial role; or should the status quo suffice? As the newly elected leaders of the most prosperous and powerful nation on earth deliberate these matters, its citizens should be mindful that the direction charted will have far-reaching implications for other health systems around the world.

Following the Second World War Britain found itself in a similar position. A historically powerful economic and global force, its policy decisions were watched by eager politicians elsewhere wishing to follow the international trends. In 1948, Britain's Labour government nationalized most of the country's health facilities and promised the free and unlimited provision of "all medical, dental and nursing care". Taking into public ownership more than 3,100 independent hospitals, homes and clinics the NHS was born.

Could greater market-oriented consumerism play a more beneficial role?

However, over the years, British health and social care became increasingly politicized. Suffering the interventions of a factionalized democratic process, it was not long before rationing was imposed top-down, resource misallocation ran rife and Treasury under-investment hit front line services. Away from the rhetoric of politicians the NHS did not actually build any new hospitals until the 1960s and today the service has a huge waiting list of over one million people.

Aware of the mounting pressures, Prime Minister Blair recently announced a landmark Concordat with a now re-emergent and thriving independent sector. As private medical insurance and self-funding have grown as options for many, so the independent sector can again boast hundreds of high quality acute and mental health hospitals and thousands of nursing and residential homes.

The significance of the Concordat between the government and the Independent Healthcare Association is that, as an enabling framework, it demands an important shift both in terms of organizational practice and political culture. In formally mobilizing the services of the independent sector for the benefit of NHS patients, the Concordat ends with the stroke of a pen the British political class's obsession with ownership issues in health and care provision. In moving away from the politics of state intervention, the agreement begins with the historic words "there should be no organizational or ideological barriers to the delivery of high quality healthcare free at the point of delivery to those who need it". It goes on to announce a "commitment towards planning the use of private and voluntary healthcare providers, not only at times of pressure but also on a more proactive longer term basis where this offers demonstrable value for money and high standards for patients".

In Britain, politicians have found it difficult to create a health system that is the envy of the world. Having, in the past, favored nationalization and greater state intervention, the health service is today turning full circle. While once at the forefront of nationalizing health provision, Britain is again turning to its private and voluntary health and care providers for solutions.

Dr. Tim Evans (Tim.Evans@iha.org.uk) is Executive Director of Public Affairs at the Independent Healthcare Association (IHA), the main representative body of the UK's independent health and social care providers. For the Benefit of Patients a Concordat with the Private and Voluntary Health and Care Provider Sector can be found at www.doh.gov.uk/commissioning/guidance.htm#concordat

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■ FOR THE RECORD ■

■ Florida supreme court chief justice **Charles Wells**, in his dissent: "I could not more strongly disagree with [the majority's] decision to reverse the trial court and prolong this judicial process. I also believe that the majority's decision cannot withstand the scrutiny which will certainly immediately follow under the United States Constitution. . . . I have a deep and abiding concern that the prolonging of judicial process in this counting contest propels this country and this state into an unprecedented and unnecessary constitutional crisis."

■ *West Wing* consultant **Pat Caddell**, on MSNBC: "I'm a liberal Democrat. I started in Florida politics. I worked for **George McGovern**. I worked for **Jimmy Carter**. I've worked for **Ted Kennedy**, **Mario Cuomo**. Nobody can question, I think, my credentials and my convictions. But I have to tell you, at this point it's hard to believe that my party, the party I've belonged to since my great-great-grandfather of my family, has become no longer a party of principles, but has been hijacked by a confederacy of gangsters who need to take power by whatever means and whatever canards they can." . . . Unnamed "Democratic field commander," on investigating county-canvassing-board members, in *Los Angeles Times*: "We found out everything we could about these people—everything—and tried to subtly get to know them with this knowledge." . . . **Carter Eskew**, on **Gore**'s postelection behavior, in *New York Times*: "Maybe for the last few weeks he's been pretty presidential." . . . Sen. **John Ashcroft** (R., Mo.), who conceded defeat despite voting irregularities, on CNN: "If we just pursue all of our legal rights to the bitter end, we are going to disrupt over and over again a very important process."

■ *Newsweek*'s **Howard Fineman**, on how the media would treat **Bush** and Gore if positions were reversed, on *Imus in the Morning*: "George Bush was a crybaby, that he was the spoiled son of a failed president. You know, you could just hear—the personal attacks on Bush would be just absolutely vicious.". . . Bush, on whether he was "snippy" with Gore during second call on election night: "We don't use that word here too often down here in Texas. So I'm not exactly sure what that means, but if he meant abrupt, I was abrupt." . . . **Dick Cheney**, on picking a Cabinet, on *Today*: "We're going to want to emphasize diversity." . . . Sen. **James Inhofe** (R., Okla.), in *Human Events*: "Don't forget the position of Secretary of Defense. I don't want Gov. **Tom Ridge** of Pennsylvania in that position. I served with him in the House when he was opposed to SDI—one of Ronald Reagan's most lasting legacies—and was opposed to aiding freedom fighters in Central America." . . . Gov. **John Engler** of Michigan, in *Detroit News*: "I'll be visiting Washington a lot, but I'm not looking for employment there."

". . . And then one day I realized that nothing is cost-effective."

■ **Jeff Greenfield**, CNN anchor and author of novel on Electoral College gone bad, on being approached by Hollywood directors: "There are a couple of movie studios looking at it again and saying, 'Can you make it a little weirder to compete with reality?'". . . Sen. **Lincoln Chafee** (R., R.I.) tells *Providence Journal* that Democrats have approached him about switching parties, but he says he won't. . . . Fox News poll on who should be Democratic presidential candidate in 2004, assuming Bush wins. **Bill Bradley** leads with 20 percent, followed by **Hillary Clinton** (19 percent), Gore (18 percent), and **Dick Gephardt** (14 percent).

■ **President Clinton**: "I can honestly say that there is never a time when the helicopter lands on the south lawn that I still don't feel the thrill of just being here, of being able to walk in this place, visit the rooms, and relive, as I have so often, the history of our country and what happened in various places in this grand old house." . . . Clinton, on what he would have done absent the Twenty-second Amendment, in *Rolling Stone*: "I probably would have run again." . . . Clinton, on whether he thinks he would have won: "Yes. I do. But it's hard to say, because it's entirely academic." . . . Clinton, according to *Ottawa Citizen*: "If the votes were counted, Al Gore would carry [Florida]."

■ In study of **Jack Kevorkian**'s 69 "assisted suicides," 75 percent involved patients who were not terminally ill, and 5 autopsies showed no physical disease at all. . . . American Medical Association recommends the FDA approve emergency contraception for over-the-counter use. . . . Department of Defense spends $295,000 on Hollywood dinner honoring movie-industry lobbyist **Jack Valenti**.

■ Russia predicts population will shrink by 11 million over next 15 years, with State Statistics Committee head **Vladimir Sokolin** saying declines "will continue for many years, maybe decades, maybe even a half-century.". . . Russian panel says **Raoul Wallenberg** was not heart-attack victim, as Soviets had claimed, but was executed. . . . 44 percent of adults in United Kingdom have no religious affiliation, according to BBC survey. Only just over a quarter of the population belongs to the Church of England—a 40 percent decrease since 1983.

■ **Marc Thiessen**, aide to Sen. **Jesse Helms** (R., N.C.), in fax to media: "Senator Helms is not sick. He is not in the hospital. He is not on life support. He does not have terminal prostate cancer. He does not have pancreatic cancer. He is absolutely fine and will (God willing) be around to torment you for a long time to come. Relax and accept it." **NR**

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Merger Policy in Changing Hospital Markets

Daniel Kessler is a research fellow at the Hoover Institution.

Mark McClellan is a national fellow at the Hoover Institution.

How should the government evaluate hospital mergers? Mergers can allow hospitals to consolidate out-of-date facilities, share management expertise and decision support systems to improve patient care, and reduce administrative costs. On the other hand, **mergers can lead to higher costs and lower quality by reducing competition.**

Some experts argue that mergers might be beneficial even if they have anticompetitive effects because they could reduce the tendency of hospitals to spend excessively on technology and procedures that produce minimal benefits for patients. The argument that competition does not make patients better off has led to other steps to limit it, such as regulations limiting the ability of hospitals to add new technologies. But the studies supporting this view are largely based on data from the 1980s, before managed care changed how hospitals and doctors compete.

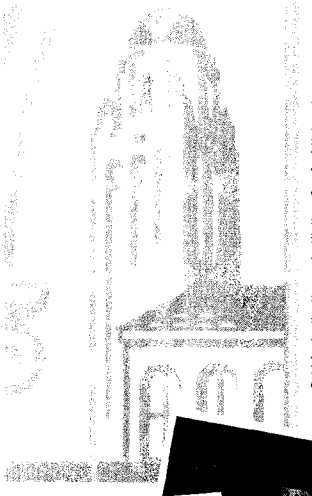
We examined the likely effects of mergers on the cost and quality of medical treatment by evaluating differences in the care that patients receive in more-competitive versus less-competitive hospital markets and in markets with high versus low levels of managed care. We used 1990s national data on Medicare beneficiaries with heart disease.

Our results show that competition has important benefits for patients. Competition among hospitals led to lower costs and lower rates of adverse health outcomes, holding constant other characteristics of markets and patient populations. It was approximately 8 percent more costly to be treated in the least competitive fourth of hospital markets, as compared to the most competitive fourth. Furthermore, the quality of care in competitive markets was higher. Elderly patients in the least competitive fourth of hospital markets were 1.5 percentage points more likely to die within one year of their heart attack than those in the most competitive areas. Patients from the least competitive markets also experienced higher rates of readmission for some cardiac complications, suggesting that the additional survivors attributable to competition in hospital markets were not in especially marginal health.

We also found that mergers may have benefits through reducing "excess capacity." Patients from markets with more hospital beds per capita experience more costly treatment and have greater mortality (although they have lower rates of some complications). Similarly, other researchers have found that institutions treating higher volumes of patients can achieve better outcomes and fewer cost-increasing complications.

To the extent that mergers reduce competition and reduce excess capacity, our results suggest that policy analysis should balance these two consequences in deciding whether and how a merger should be approved. For example, a merger in a competitive hospital market should be treated more leniently than a merger in an uncompetitive market. We also found that the benefits of competition were greater in areas with high levels of managed care enrollment but that the costs of excess capacity were similar, suggesting that mergers in areas with a substantial managed care presence should be treated more strictly. Additional analyses will be helpful, particularly on the consequences of mergers for younger patients and patients with other illnesses. But to encourage high-quality care in a cost-effective way, government regulation needs to evolve along with health care markets.

— Daniel Kessler and Mark McClellan



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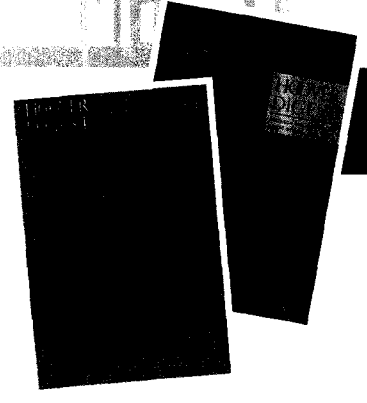

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THE WEEK

■ The Florida legislature prompted outrage by calling itself into session without including its most powerful committee—the Florida supreme court.

■ The Florida court has had quite a run. First, its ruling extending the deadline for hand recounts was vacated by a unanimous U.S. Supreme Court, then its subsequent decision calling for a statewide partial recount was found constitutionally suspect by a 7–2 majority of the Supremes. The 7–2 majority objected to hand recounts on "equal protection" grounds, arguing that they risked treating votes differently from county to county (if not "individual to individual," as David Boies admitted in oral arguments). Conservatives should be dubious about this line of reasoning, since equal-protection jurisprudence has so often been a cudgel with which liberal judges have beat states about the head and shoulders. Besides which, by this logic, Florida's entire election system, featuring different voting machines, with different levels of reliability, from one county to the next, would be unconstitutional. More to the point was Chief Justice Rehnquist's opinion—joined by Antonin Scalia and Clarence Thomas—that found that the Florida court had acted as a quasi-legislature, enacting a new system of vote-counting after Nov. 7. This constituted a violation of Article II, Section 1 of the U.S. Constitution, which grants the power to determine the "manner" of selecting the state's electors solely to the legislature. It is not clear why the Florida justices didn't just skip the law degrees and run for the legislature, given their knack for lawmaking.

■ Jesse Jackson, historian, compared the Supreme Court's decision in *Bush* v. *Gore* to *Dred Scott*. He also denied Bush both "honor" and "legitimacy," threatened a "civil-rights explosion" against "tyranny." The internal immigration of black Americans into a parallel universe of dependency, pathology, one-party politics, and fantasy is a deeply troubling national fact. But all efforts to address it are poisoned by this clownish hack. Unfortunately we'll be hearing a lot more from him.

■ It's a common pattern for politicians to make a show of piety when they are in special need of public support. The Clintons, it was noticed in their Arkansas days, started turning up at church after years of dereliction soon after they lost the 1980 gubernatorial race. Now Al Gore is back in the pews on a regular basis, for the first time since the Clinton-Lewinsky scandal loomed as a threat to his presidential ambitions. He has shown up at Arlington's Mount Vernon Baptist Church every Sunday since Election Day. The depth and sincerity of the vice president's beliefs are known only to himself and to God, and it would be impertinent of us to question them. Still, we cannot help wishing that one of the compliant pastors the Clintons and Gores impose upon in their times of trial would say to them, loud enough for the press to hear, what our own ministers say to us when we have backslid for a month or two: "Haven't seen you at services for a while, have we?"

■ We doubt that Al Gore is a seriously bad man. On the other hand, it is plain that he is a *desperately* bad actor, never more unnatural than when attempting to be natural. Most wince-making of all is the Gore laugh: that perfectly mirthless cascade of glottal stops accompanied by the kind of facial rictuses most of us execute only on the command of a dentist. Al Gore is painful to watch. Why, though, should the electorate prefer as their chief magistrate someone who is a competent actor, over someone who isn't? Is it fair? Sure it is. We have to watch this guy for four years, and send him abroad for foreigners to inspect. It is not much to ask that he present a pleasant and convincing aspect, instead of, as in Al Gore's case, one that sets everybody's teeth on edge. *Totus mundus exercet histrionem* said the inscription at the entrance of Shakespeare's Globe Theatre: The whole world practices acting. If Al Gore is to have a public career after these present upheavals, we hope he will practice a little harder.

■ Conservatives won't be happy with every cabinet appointment that George W. Bush—if he survives Florida—makes, nor should they expect to be. But there's one pick worth opposing vigorously: Pennsylvania governor Tom Ridge as secretary of defense. NR already has described Ridge's shortcomings in some detail (see "The Trouble with Ridge," by John J. Miller, June 5, 2000), but he's especially ill-suited for the Pentagon. As a member of Congress, he was one of the Reagan administration's biggest GOP headaches, voting for the nuclear freeze, against the MX missile, against aid to the Contras, and for Pat Schroeder's plan to bar nuclear tests above one kiloton. He was an especially glaring problem when it came to the Strategic Defense Initiative, leading efforts with Democrats to slash its funding. Considering that any Bush administration secretary of defense will be charged with overseeing the development of a vigorous missile-defense program, this final point ought to serve as a disqualifier. Any of the others will do, as well.

■ Conservatives have a stake in the outcome of several races to chair committees of the House. Californian Bill Thomas and Phil Crane of Illinois both want to run the tax-writing committee. Crane is the more conservative of the two. Thomas touts his superior competence, but it was his decision to include higher Medicare premiums in the 1995 budget bill that led to the Republicans' biggest public-relations debacle since they took Congress. Billy Tauzin of Louisiana and Michael Oxley of Ohio are each eyeing the commerce committee. But

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there is now a proposal for that committee to cede oversight of securities to the banking committee. Tauzin could chair commerce and Oxley banking—and Oxley would thus block liberal Republican Marge Roukema of New Jersey from taking over that committee. Finally, both Henry Hyde of Illinois and Doug Bereuter of Nebraska are up for the chairmanship of the international-relations committee. That committee is often embroiled in moral issues: whether to subsidize abortion overseas, whether to subsidize regimes that persecute Christians. Bereuter opposes social conservatives on those issues, while Hyde is one of their leaders. (If Hyde manages to stay on as chairman of the judiciary committee, as he wants, Chris Smith of New Jersey would be a fine international-relations chairman.) In these races, the moderates present themselves as candidates who understand the necessity of compromise. There is often a time for compromise. But that time is not before negotiations with Democrats even begin.

■ The collection of events we group under the heading "Whitewater" produced "no evidence of wrongdoing by the Clintons," as any liberal will tell you with much satisfaction. The Whitewater investigations did, however, send several lesser people to jail, including a number who had personal knowledge of the Clintons' affairs—knowledge they were strangely reluctant to share with prosecutors. Some cynical commentators out here in the Vast Right-Wing Conspiracy suggested that these non-informants were consoled in their adversity by the hope of receiving pardons from President Clinton before he left office. Lo and behold: As the end of the Clinton era approaches, well-sourced news stories are starting to surface predicting pardons for the likes of Susan McDougal and Webster Hubbell. McDougal was convicted of four felonies related to a fraudulent $300,000 loan from us taxpayers. Hubbell—former No. 3 official in the Clinton Justice Department, never let it be forgotten—did time for stealing $400,000 from his law firm and its clients. Will the last acts of a crooked president be acts of favor to his crooked pals, who kept their lips buttoned on his behalf?

■ In an interview with *Rolling Stone*, Bill Clinton said that the possession of small amounts of marijuana "should be . . . decriminalized." Excellent. Then why didn't he do anything about it during the eight years that he was president—such as propose a law, give a speech, or even plant a friendly question in a press conference? The man whose national career began with a childish lie about his own pot use, ends it with a childish evasion on his own administration of the drug laws. Here is a new slogan for advocates of temperance: This is Bill Clinton's mind, on the subject of drugs.

■ According to press reports, the navy is evaluating the results of its internal investigation into last October's devastating attack on the destroyer *USS Cole*. Preliminary indications are that the ship's captain, Cmdr. Kirk S. Lippold, did not ensure full implementation of the ship's required force-protection plan. One senior officer cites evidence of a "lapse of attentiveness" on the part of the *Cole*'s crew. But the inquiry raises as many questions as it answers: Why, for example, did the *Cole* enter an area of acknowledged terrorist activity operating under Threat Condition Bravo—the Pentagon's second *lowest* security status? Who bears responsibility for designing the misguided "strategy of engagement" that obliged the *Cole* to stop at Aden in the first place? Secretary of Defense William Cohen has appointed two senior retired officers to conduct a more wide-ranging examination; their report is expected by early January. It is critically important that these officers complete their task free of political interference. The administration should not be allowed to make Kirk Lippold a scapegoat.

■ In last month's Canadian elections, Jean Chrétien and the Liberals increased their majority in parliament to 172 out of 301 seats, as Ontario, the largest province, held firm for the status quo. But Stockwell Day's conservative Canadian Alliance increased its total too, to 66 seats, almost all in the west. For decades Canada has sweated over the regional issue of Quebec separatism, but the new split in the country pits a social-democratic center against a free-market western fringe. Taking their country and ours together, North America has a big conservative landmass. All it needs is a few more people in it.

■ Ex-KGB officer Vladimir Putin, now president of Russia, has just restored the former Soviet national anthem. The music is just fine but lines like "Stalin reared us" and "the Communist party keeps us secure" will have to be revised. As luck would have it, Sergei Mikhalkov, the author of the words of the Soviet anthem and once a favorite Stalinist hack, is still alive at the age of 87, willing and ready to try his hand to give Putin whatever is required. Putin claims that the Soviet anthem is the only one Russians know and love. And while he's at it, he's also allowing the Russian army to fly the Red flag. Every day now he has harsh words for the proposed American missile-defense system; he sells arms to Iraq and Iran; and is presently visiting good old Cuba. A Moscow court has just sentenced Edmond Pope, an American businessman, to 20 years for espionage on evidently trumped-up charges. In the Kremlin, happy days are here again.

To James Baker

Cool as Luke while other hands
Shook like old soaks' when remands
Came down from a higher court,
Baker fashioned each retort
Like a swordsman whose "Touché"
Left 'em pantsless for the day.
As the soreheads caterwaul,
Give the guy a curtain call.

—W. H. von Dreele

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■ The legendary Raoul Wallenberg was a Swedish diplomat who bravely saved as many as 20,000 Hungarian Jews during the Nazi occupation. Reports have surfaced from time to time about spotting him in the Gulag and elsewhere. Now we appear to have the truth about his fate. According to a Russian presidential commission investigating the matter, Wallenberg was shot around 1947 in the infamous Lubyanka KGB prison. The commission did not shed light on the motive. A reasonable guess is that in 1945, as Hungary was overrun by the Red Army, Wallenberg witnessed too much about the Sovietization of that country. Therefore he himself had to be Sovietized, back in Moscow.

■ Gao Xingjian, winner of the Nobel Prize for literature, is a quiet, 60-year-old bookish man who lives in Paris. Thanks to a literary mother, he developed an early interest in Western literature, both classic and modernist (he has translated Ionesco and Beckett). It would be hard to imagine a less political figure. But the politics of modern China impinged on his life: His mother died in the Great Leap Forward; he was sentenced to six years hard labor during the Cultural Revolution; one of his plays was attacked as "spiritual pollution." Mr. Gao left the country in 1987, and resigned from the Chinese Communist party after the Tiananmen Square massacre. The Nobel Prize committee, notoriously capricious, does not validate Mr. Gao, or the cause of writing. His own quiet example is symbol enough of the eternal opposition of the free soul and the monster state, powerful as a dinosaur, and as dumb.

■ One of the most prestigious awards in the British art world is the Turner prize for exhibitors at London's Tate Gallery. The prize itself is only £20,000, but of course it means very much more to an artist in terms of fame, stature, and the higher prices he can command for his productions. The award this year went, for the first time ever, to a photographer, the German Wolfgang Tillmans. Herr Tillmans's special line is—can you guess?—taking pornographic homosexual pictures. Do art photographers do anything else nowadays, we cannot help but ask? In all the multifold pageant of human experience, is there no topic more worthy of their attention than naked fellows with household objects . . . well, never mind. What is striking here is not, as the photographer no doubt hopes, the audacity of the enterprise, but its *banality*—the utter poverty of imagination displayed by the "artist" in making these things, and of the prize committee in selecting them for its commendation. We live in an aesthetically dull age that probably would not recognize real artistic creativity if slapped across the face with it.

■ An old bottle found on the beach contained this message from a lost civilization: "A few more years will put us all in the dust, and it will then be of more importance to me to have governed myself, than to have governed the state" (John Jay, to his wife, after losing the New York governor's race of 1792 on a technicality).

■ Unveiling a statue of John Lennon in Havana, Fidel Castro paid homage to the dead Beatle, who was murdered in New York 20 years ago: "I too am a dreamer who has seen his dreams turn into reality." We can hear the bearded one crooning now: *Imagine there's no freedom . . .*

CAMPAIGN 2000

The Nearest Run Thing

THE Duke of Wellington called the battle of Waterloo "the nearest run thing you ever saw," but he never ran for president. However gratified conservatives may be by the final result, the postelection election of 2000 bodes ill in several ways.

Justice John Paul Stevens worried that "the nation's confidence in the judge as an impartial guardian" of the law was wounded. After decades of capricious and arbitrary decisions, we can only hope so. In the short run, however, political operatives will exploit the litigation route to overturn elections. Americans long ago began losing the power to make their own laws; now they will begin to lose the power to pick their own lawmakers. The power of the triumphant judiciary exists alongside growing demands for rule by plebiscite, or even rule by mood. Sen.-elect Clinton called for abolishing the Electoral College; Vice President Gore's Florida strategy depended on divining the intentions of voters. Republican government rests on the will of the people, expressed in deliberate and definite forms. Government by protest is the road to Caesarism. These symptoms will become acute if, as seems likely, America enters a period of political deadlock. The already-famous map of red and blue counties, carried by Bush and by Gore, shows the country's narrowly poised regional and ideological balance.

The last month and a half tested the mettle of both candidates. Al Gore flunked. He grabbed for power with the humility of Woodrow Wilson, and the ease of Jimmy Carter. Liberals will parade him for a time as a martyr, then dismiss him as a failure. George W. Bush wisely kept himself out of the daily fray. His few public appearances, however, were meager and uninspiring. The Republican camp often gave signs of shock (admittedly in shocking circumstances) that were not encouraging.

The president-elect can advance a serious, but doable conservative agenda (see "The Week," December 18). He has shown, at various times in his career, a winning personality, and considerable political skill. He didn't pick an easy time to develop these traits.

THE MIDEAST

Intifada II

ISRAEL today is in a situation as critical as any it has faced since its founding in 1948. This is the handiwork of its prime minister, Ehud Barak. The objectives he set himself were to reach conclusive peace settlements with Syria and the Palestinians, and to limit the privileges enjoyed by reli-

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gious Israelis at the expense of the secular. No doubt worthy in themselves, these objectives were absolutely unrealistic and utopian in current circumstances. Supremely self-confident in the face of facts too hard to be changed, Barak has proved a master of crisis-creation.

Syria interpreted Barak's proposals for peace as a sign of weakness, encouraged its proxies in Lebanon to attack, and so hustled Israeli forces ignominiously out of their security zone in the south of the country. These same proxies now capture Israelis and hold them hostage with impunity. Similarly, at Camp David this summer, Yasser Arafat came to believe that he had Israel on the run, and a campaign of violence would be more productive for him than any further negotiations. The result is the new intifada, a more or less general uprising which many Palestinians like to think is a war of liberation to be waged until Israel is no more. Over 300 people have been killed so far, and thousands wounded. Israeli military experts are predicting that this intifada might last five years. If so, the repercussions will be as dire as they are unpredictable, certain to galvanize the wider Arab and Muslim world.

In previous crises, Israel was united ideologically in self-

Staffing W.

KATE O'BEIRNE & RAMESH PONNURU

At this point, we don't know much about who will serve in George W. Bush's administration. Actually, we don't even know for a certainty that there will be a Bush administration. All we know is that if Bush does indeed take office, Colin Powell will be his secretary of state, Condoleezza Rice his national security adviser, and Andrew Card his chief of staff.

Most of the other names that have been floated—e.g., Christine Todd Whitman, Marc Racicot, and Tom Ridge—have been disquieting for conservatives, who fear that these appointments would pull the administration leftward. But they worry even more about the names that have not been circulating.

To be a successful president, Bush will have to dispel the impression that he has no substantive mandate. He will have to rally the public in order to get a closely divided Washington to enact his agenda. And a prerequisite for both these things is subordinates with ideas and an ability to articulate them. Loyalty, decency, and managerial competence are no substitute for these qualities. Accomplished businessmen often go into government eager to shuffle their agencies' organizational charts so that they serve the president more efficiently; they are, invariably, never heard from again, having been swallowed whole by the bureaucracy. Republican presidents have been better served by academics like Henry Kissinger, William Bennett, and William Kristol, who have specific public-policy goals,

It is more important to have agenda-setting Cabinet officers than to have Democratic ones, but hiring a Democrat or two might help Bush advertise his inclusiveness. Bush should probably look for Democrats from outside Washington, who tend to be more cooperative than Beltway veterans. He should make an exception, however, for Democrats whose appointment would create opportunities for Republicans to take more seats in Congress. Louisiana and Connecticut, for example, have Republican governors who would be able to replace any senators tapped by Bush. Why not offer Joe Lieberman the post of education secretary? There's not much daylight between his old positions on education and Bush's platform. Does John Breaux, the Democratic senator from Louisiana, want to be ambassador to France? Bon voyage.

Bush has one substantial advantage over his Republican predecessors. In 1981, there were not enough conservatives to fill the federal bureaucracy even if it had been politically possible to do so. But conservatism has grown sufficiently that Bush could staff his administration with smart, politically savvy officials who believe in the agenda on which he campaigned.

Dan Coats, a former senator from Indiana, appears to have an inside track to be Bush's defense secretary. The defense secretary ought to be someone who can counter Powell's advice, which has not been uniformly good. (Powell didn't want us to go to war in the Gulf, or to fight on to depose Saddam Hussein.) Powell wants Ridge to get the job, and might prevail. But Coats is the better choice, given Ridge's record of voting against Reagan on defense issues. Paul Wolfowitz, an intellectual who worked in the Reagan and Bush administrations, would serve Coats ably as a deputy. John Hillen, an NR contributing editor, was way ahead of the pack in calling attention to our military-readiness problems, and he still understands them better than most experts. He should be undersecretary for readiness and personnel.

Few appointments will matter more to Bush's success than the secretary of health and human services. It is vast, sprawling, the California of Cabinet agencies; it should probably be broken up. No advocate of free-market policies has ever held the position. Bush ought to change that. Social conservatives are pushing for Kay James, a former assistant HHS secretary, who is a reliable and articulate pro-lifer; economic conservatives are pushing for Gail Wilensky, a policy wonk who's advised Bush. They would all be happy with Jim Talent, a congressman from Missouri who knows a lot about HHS issues. Congressman Tom Coburn, an obstetrician, would be an anti-Joycelyn Elders as the surgeon general.

The Office of Management and Budget matters too, as anyone who remembers Richard Darman's role in the Bush administration knows. There appears to be a consensus that the best person for the job is John Cogan of the Hoover Institution. He may not want to leave California. Bush should either persuade him, or hire the astute Chris DeMuth, president of the American Enterprise Institute.

Republicans have a surplus of candidates willing to clean up Janet Reno's mess: Missouri senator John Ashcroft, Oklahoma governor Frank Keating, and former California attorney general Dan Lungren. With so many superb choices, Bush has no excuse not to name an attorney general who would thrill his

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defense. That is not the case today, when so-called post-Zionist arguments call into question its legitimacy and right to exist. Arousing expectations he could not satisfy, Barak has alienated the religious and the secular alike, maximizing their mutual grievances. Israel is divided as never before.

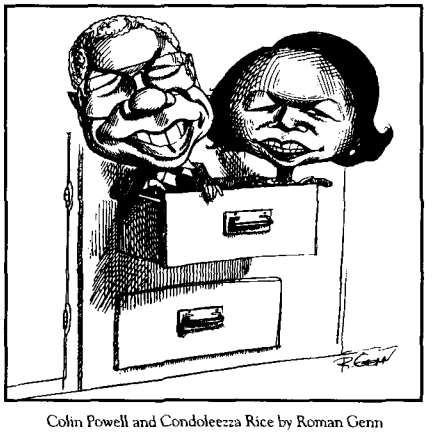
No choice remained except to call for elections. Opinion polls indicate that the previous prime minister, Benjamin Netanyahu of the Likud party, would defeat Barak convincingly. But he resigned from the Knesset, and Ariel Sharon replaced him as leader of Likud. The law forbids a candidate to run for prime minister unless he is a member of the Knesset. This technicality may or may not be revised in time for this election. The same polls suggest that Sharon is hardly more popular than Barak. Both men, then, have an interest in blocking Netanyahu. So while the Palestinians single-mindedly fight a real war, the Israelis are responding by variously fighting among themselves.

NR takes an extra week off between this issue and the next. For full coverage of the election endgame, see nationalreview.com.

conservative base. Congressman Jim Rogan would make an excellent deputy AG or FBI chief.

The solicitor general argues for the administration before the Supreme Court. Ted Olson has some recent experience arguing for Bush in front of the Court. Charles Cooper is, like Olson, a conservative veteran of the Justice Department, and would also represent Bush well. Brian Jones, a former aide to Orrin Hatch and founder of the Center for New Black Leadership, should head the department's civil-rights division.

If Bush wants someone to help sell his economic plan, it's hard to see who would be better than Steve Forbes. Wayne Angell, a former member of the board of governors of the Federal Reserve, is a well-respected supply-sider. Robert McTeer, president of the Dallas Federal Reserve, combines supply-side convictions with enthusiasm for the New Economy; Treasury might be good preparation for him to succeed Alan Greenspan. Bush has already been well served by Lawrence Lindsey, yet another former Fed governor, who is widely expected to head his National Economic Council.



Colin Powell and Condoleezza Rice by Roman Genn

The choice for education secretary depends on how Bush wants to approach the issue. A Lieberman pick would emphasize his bipartisanship. Colin Powell ought to consider taking the job instead of being secretary of state. He has the moral stature to take on the fearsome education establishment. If Powell means it when he says that Republicans should do more for poor black children, he will never have a better opportunity to prove it. Gene Hickok, Pennsylvania's education chief, has already been fighting for school choice and tougher curricula. Picking him would give Bush a good education secretary—and send a signal to Republican education officials across the country that the way to get ahead in the party is to challenge the status quo, not acquiesce to it.

No department needs tougher oversight than Labor, and nobody's tougher-minded than Linda Chavez. In a previous life, Chavez worked for the American Federation of Teachers. But like Reagan, a union leader himself, Chavez understands that what workers really need is more freedom. And she has an IQ that could boil water.

Steve Goldsmith, the former mayor of Indianapolis, advised Bush on domestic policy during the campaign. He should get the opportunity to put "compassionate conservatism" into practice at the Department of Housing and Urban Development.

Finally, we come to some lesser agencies that probably should not exist but can nevertheless damage an administration if put in the wrong hands. If the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA) is to continue, for example, it may as well be run by someone who cares about art. Lynne Munson, who worked for Lynne Cheney at the National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH), has just written a book about the pathologies of the art world. Leon Kass, the bioethicist, would be a good choice for NEH.

Reagan once praised Dan Oliver, his head of the Federal Trade Commission, for being everything he wanted in a regulator—and less. Wendy Lee Gramm would continue that tradition at the FTC. Harold Furchtgott-Roth and Michael Powell are already pro-market voices on the Federal Communications Commission; either could run the agency.

Bush ought to copy Reagan in more than just his regulatory philosophy. Like Bush, Reagan came into office with political elites sniggering about his intellect. Like Bush, he had a management style that emphasized delegation. And like Bush, he had an agenda that was dismissed as too conservative, and an unruly Congress to work with. That's why Bush, like Reagan, needs intelligent, creative, articulate officials working for him.

The Reagan White House, at least in its first years, also had an organizational structure that guaranteed the president would hear a wide range of ideas. Ed Meese served as a counselor without portfolio for Reagan; he was the conservative access point to the administration because he himself had full access to the president. It will not be enough for a presidential aide to be tasked with "conservative outreach"—briefing some conservative activists who are wowed just to have been invited to the White House. Someone has to be at the president's table who will speak for the Heritage Foundation as well as the Business Roundtable, who will represent the political base and try to expand the limits of the possible in Washington. This is one more position that Bush needs to fill, should he actually become president.

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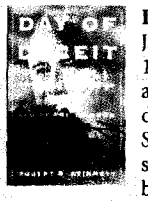

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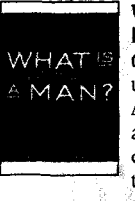

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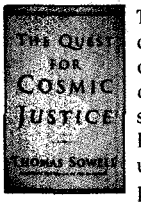

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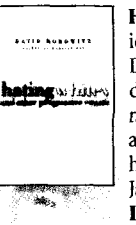

Hating Whitey - With his trademark iconoclastic style, reformed radical David Horowitz dissects the social double standard that dismisses black racism. The so-called civil rights leaders are outraged by, among other things, his reference to Kweisi Mfume and Jesse Jackson as "racial ambulance chasers."
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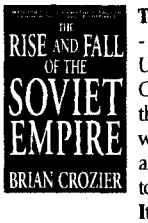

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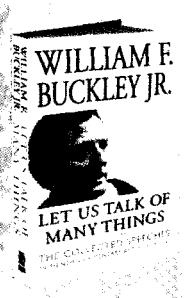

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■ NOTES & ASIDES ■

■ Memo to: WFB
From: Jay [Nordlinger]

I know you'll want to pass the word along to our readers that Byron York, formerly with *The American Spectator*, is now with us, paying special attention to our website.

Byron, whose fine work I know you've noticed and appreciated, graduated from the University of Alabama, worked as a television producer in Washington, then freelanced before going to the *Spectator*. Good news.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Twice in one week I have come across the strange word "fissiparous." First, in a recent column on the estate tax, you refer to the legatees of the very rich. "The fissiparous process begins," you write, "and everybody knows that the descendants of John D. Rockefeller are in the thousands." My second confrontation with the word occurred as I perused Patrick Brogan's informative, not to say depressing, book, *World Conflicts: Why and Where They Are Happening*. "Once the secret that power grows out of the barrel of a gun was revealed," Brogan writes, "the fissiparous tendencies that destroyed empires came to threaten the emerging countries of the Third World."

Now, according to *The American Heritage Dictionary*, second college edition, for which you were a member of the Usage Panel and for which you wrote an introductory essay, "fissiparous" is defined as "reproducing by biological fission," and biological fission is defined (under "fission") as "an asexual reproductive process in which a unicellular organism splits into two or more independently maturing daughter cells."

It seems to me that neither you nor Brogan are using the word "fissiparous" properly. Clearly the Rockefellers did not reproduce asexually, or at least I do not think they did so. As for Brogan, maybe as a metaphor "fissiparous" works a little better, but it strikes me as a bit of a stretch.

I wonder if a fissiparous process will eventuate in more letters questioning the propriety of "fissiparous" in relation to the passing on of estates. In any case, as far as publishing goes, you certainly have been, uh, fissiparous.

Sincerely yours,
Dr. Tom Wendel
San Jose State University
San Jose, Calif.

Dear Dr. Wendel: The meaning intended by Mr. Brogan, I'd have thought, would have come in better if he had used "divisive," but his meaning is clear. It was certainly clear in my use of it to describe the multiplication of legatees. John and Ann have ten children, each of whom have ten children, each of whom have ten children, and you get—hmm. Ten to the third power. What happened is graphically described as fissiparous, never mind that the multiplication was biologically orthodox. If the thousand legatees had been cloned, would you then okay their fissiparous advent? Advise.

Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Today I encountered the word "obsolete" used as a *verb* and found it grating. Was this because it smacks of the sort of techno-neologistic language that one would expect to hear bandied around in a popular software magazine?

I checked the *OED* and discovered that this verbal use antedates the computer age. The *OED*'s listing of uses includes one dated 1718, by a J. Chamberlayne, who said, "We are not to be justified in obsoleting so many of our Words and Phrases."

If, as the *OED* suggests, the verbal use is now primarily North American, could its *current* use reflect a North American fixation on built-in obsolescence, on one gadget becoming "obsoleted" by another? Need one be a Luddite to think that we would be, *pace* Chamberlayne, justified in obsoleting this use?

Brian Simboli, Ph.D.
Bethlehem, Pa.

Dear Dr. Simboli: It has been a complaint for generations that U.S. technical production thrives on obsolescence and therefore—encourages it?

Recall the Alec Guinness movie. He was The Man in the White Suit who developed material for a suit of clothes that never wore out—and was chased to destruction by agents of ten million clothesmakers who stood to be out of work.

Ergo? There is a durable need for a verb that conveys that thought. But—it is too ugly to contemplate, the use of obsolete, *v.t.* Besides which, its dactylic meter (– ∪ ∪) argues against the natural rhythm of an adjective.

Words don't always come around gracefully to fulfill purposes, however felt the need. Consider talk about "growing" the economy. Ugh.

Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: My friend says I give unwarranted dignity to the loyal opposition when I refer to them as the Democratic party.

He insists they be called the Democrat party, the name by which they were originally founded by Andrew Jackson.

What say you?

Sincerely,
Donald Sanelli
Woodland Hills, Calif.

Dear Mr. Sanelli: I have an aversion to "Democrat" as an adjective. Dear Joe McCarthy used to do that, and received a rebuke from this at-the-time 24-year-old. It has the effect of injecting politics into language, and that should be avoided. Granted there are difficulties, as when one desires to describe a "democratic" politician, and is jolted by possible ambiguity.

But English does that to us all the time, and it's our job to get the correct meaning transmitted without contorting the language.

Cordially,

—WFB

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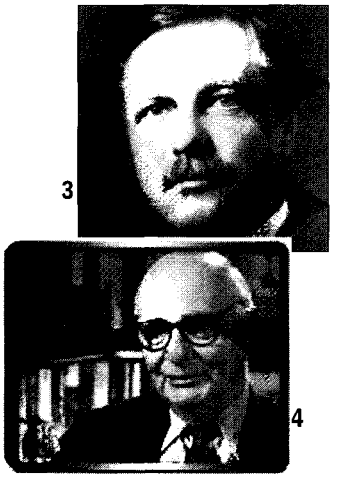

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■ CAMPAIGN 2000 ■

Losing in Advance

How Republicans fight

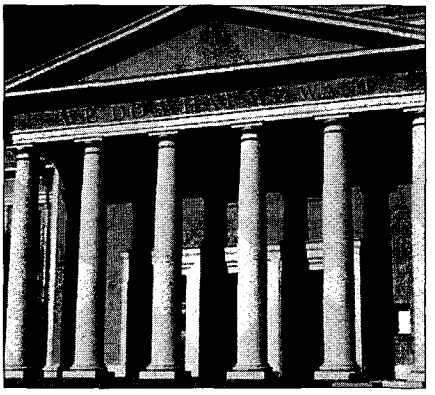
JOHN O'SULLIVAN

It was said of the Habsburgs that they always fought in the last ditch—never in the first. And the same gibe might be directed at the Republican party. By the time a battle has reached the last ditch, of course, it is already lost. Most battles are decided, indeed, before even the first shot is fired. The winning general has assembled larger forces, accumulated more supplies, occupied the higher ground, and cut off his enemy's retreat. The battle itself is almost a formality and, in the 18th century, experienced commanders who saw the hopelessness of their situation would often withdraw or surrender rather than get their men killed in a futile cause.

Politics is not very different. Most elections are won or lost long before Labor Day. Dick Morris was probably right when he claimed that his television ad campaign in the spring and summer of 1996 had won the election for Bill Clinton by the time of the Democratic convention. It had established the president so firmly in the public mind as a socially conservative centrist that any Republican who attacked him looked like a dangerous radical. And that was a relatively modest short-term strategy—Morris shaped Clinton to fit a moderately conservative public opinion. It was Ronald Reagan, the Great Republican Exception, who had shaped public opinion into a conservative mold in the first place.

How is that done?

The political equivalent of determining the battle in advance is getting the issues on your side. That means the public must think that an issue—crime, for instance—is important; share your view that crime is too high; suspect that your opponents are soft-minded or perverse in their attitude to it; and believe that your party might be able to bring crime down. You cannot do that with just any issue. Some issues belong naturally to the other party—prescription-drug price control is a natural Democratic issue—and the best you can hope to do is to neutralize them. Which means that choosing and shaping issues on which the voters instinctively sympathize with your party is step one. If people go to the polls determined to revive American power and face down the Soviets, for instance, they are unlikely to vote Democratic—as Reagan well knew and demonstrated.



Florida Supreme Court

We live in a different era. Watching the judicial interventions in the presidential election over the past few weeks is a reminder of just how rare Reagan was and how badly the Republicans usually do when it comes to shaping the political debate. For the issue of the judicial power is one that has hovered on the edge of political controversy since the 1950s—without ever quite becoming controversial enough.

The Florida supreme court was able to legislate as it went along because voters have grown used to the abuse of judicial interpretation. In recent years judges have negated local obscenity laws, declared nude dancing to be constitutionally protected free speech, administered school districts right down to requiring Olympic-sized swimming pools in urban schools, levied taxes, instructed legislatures to pass laws allowing homosexual "civil unions," told states to conduct official business in languages other than English, and overturned the results of popular referendums. And the courts have been able to rule us in these ways because too few people objected when they did so. In particular, the GOP was nervous about taking on the courts in political debate.

One reason often given by GOP strategists was that there was no spontaneous popular outrage at judicial overreaching. It never seemed to occur to them that it was their job to arouse such outrage. Most voters are modest people who have no great confidence in their own opinions on legal issues. They may feel vaguely that the courts are exceeding their legitimate role; but if no prominent people step out to say so, they will accept the assurance of the *New York Times* that the courts are merely bringing the Constitution into line with the modern world. Conservative politicians are supposed to give arguments to their supporters, to shape their inchoate unease into a political program, to build a principled case against judicial power.

Repeatedly, however, the GOP leadership has remained silent when the courts legislated. For instance, when the U.S. federal appeals court pronounced an "official English" referendum in Arizona to be unconstitutional because it conflicted with a hitherto-unknown right of citizens to deal with the government in their own languages, the GOP was apparently on vacation. It was left to grass-roots conservatives to take the people's case to the U.S. Supreme Court, which punted it back to the Arizona supreme court, which killed it. Yet this was an issue that manifestly had popular support, since it had been passed overwhelmingly in a referendum.

Compare the behavior of the Democrats: They genuinely believe in judicial power, since it tends to advance the liberal political causes they support; indeed, they often rely on judicial power to entrench unpopular liberal causes—such as racial preferences—in law, hiding behind the argument that when the courts speak, it is "the law of the land," which all must respect. In 1989, however, when the U.S. Supreme Court unexpectedly decided three cases in a way that cut back on racial preferences, the Democrats unblushingly denounced the court's judg-

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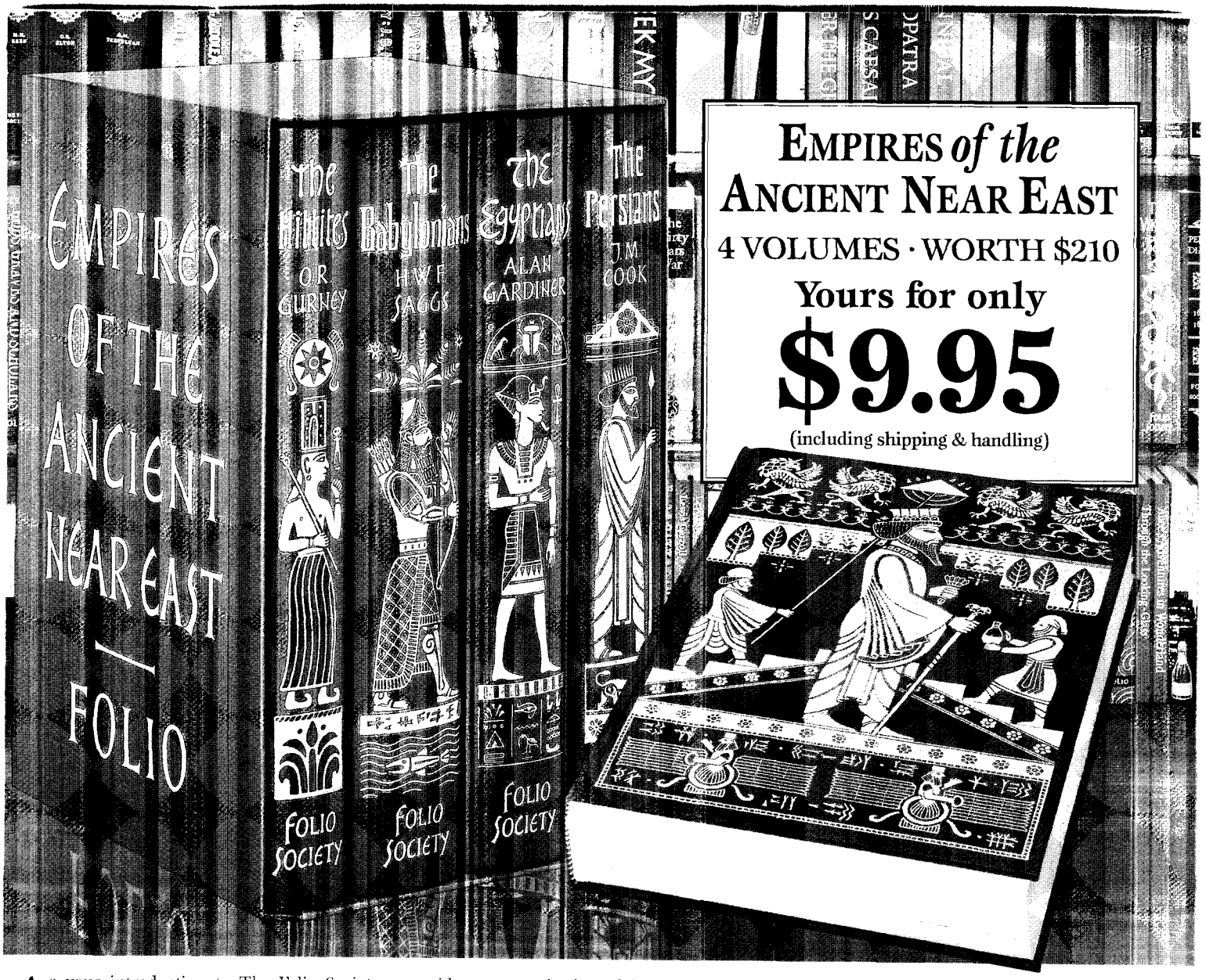

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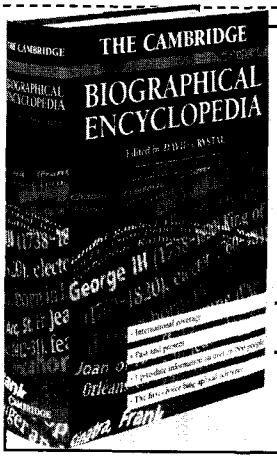

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ments (with the full support of the *New York Times*) and introduced legislation to overturn them. This legislation was initially vetoed by President Bush—and his veto was a popular one. Yet when it was presented to him again with minor modifications, he signed it into law. By being prepared to fight for a year, violating their own repeated statements in praise of judicial authority, the Democrats prevailed; the Republicans meekly acquiesced.

What explains this contrast and, in particular, the Republican failure? The GOP seems to think that the only important political issues are those on the immediate political agenda, such as raising taxes or spending more on education. They have an actual aversion to raising sensitive issues that have no immediate political payoff. Thus, when the magazine *First Things* ran a symposium on judicial tyranny that briefly divided the conservative intellectual community, it was striking that no politician was involved on either side of the dispute. It probably struck them as both pointless and dangerous, since it might offend some people without winning votes. Today, however, the very issue that they disdained as intellectual therapy is biting them on the bottom.

The same might be said of voter fraud. Republicans have shied away from confronting the issue of voter fraud for years—even when there was evidence that it had robbed them of a House seat, a Senate seat, and a governorship in California, Louisiana, and Maryland respectively. Because such fraud almost invariably occurs in areas of one-party dominance, and because such areas tend to be disproportionately urban, Republicans were nervous that they would be perceived as anti-minority if they were to crusade against it. They therefore held aloof from attempts to ensure ballot integrity. Such delicacy has not saved them. In the current Florida brouhaha, they find themselves accused of voter fraud and racial discrimination simultaneously. And because they have not invested any political effort in this subject, they have no ammunition to hurl back at their accusers.

Until Republicans realize that today's political battles were decided yesterday, and that tomorrow's will be decided today, they will continue to lose in advance and to repent in retrospect. **NR**

■ CAMPAIGN 2000 II ■

Black Mark

The NAACP discredits itself in Florida

JOHN J. MILLER

"THERE were police officers everywhere. Not in plain sight. Some in plain sight. I saw four of them in physical sites, but the rest next to buildings. I saw them behind trees," said Stacy Powers on November 11, recalling what she had observed near a Tampa polling place four days earlier. At the time, she didn't know why there were so many cops swarming the area. Yet she knew they were up to no good when they questioned an old black man who had just cast his ballot. Powers didn't come away from the scene with any names or badge numbers—just an accusation: "I will call it like I see it. It was racial profiling."

Powers explained all this at a Miami forum put on by the NAACP to probe voting-rights abuses in Florida. When she finished, panelist Ralph Neas of People for the American Way thanked her for an "extraordinarily moving and detailed testimony," and asked for an estimate of how many people in her county "were denied their right to vote." Her response: "Thousands." Nobody paid attention to something else Powers said: "I have since found out that there was supposedly allegedly a burglary out in that area." Not even Powers herself thought that exculpatory fact mattered a whit. "It doesn't take 30 officers to go out and investigate a burglary," she said.

It's a weird anecdote, containing few details to support its astonishing central claim—"thousands" blocked from voting!—and even evidence that would appear to exonerate the police. And, for what it's worth, Powers says the cops stopped the black man *after* he had voted. Other witnesses at the NAACP hearing were not especially compelling, either. Dymen Raimer, a student at Florida A&M University, explained that she registered to vote by mail in September, and that she knew "the deadline was like October something." Her first application was barred because she had listed a post-office box as her address. She was asked to fix it, which she then did and returned the application in the mail. When she showed up at the polls on November 7 "to see if I was able to vote," an election official said that her corrected form had arrived two days late. "So I was unable to vote."

These stories are now on file at the Department of Justice, in a transcript the NAACP submitted on November 16. In a cover letter, president Kweisi Mfume said the offenses alleged by Powers, Raimer, and others "could be reasonably considered an intentional effort to deny the franchise to voters of color." He urged an investigation, and Attorney General Janet Reno dispatched two lawyers to Florida. But that wasn't good enough for Mfume. By the end of November, he was complaining about the "Just-Ice" Department's unwillingness to do more.

■

If patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel, then racism is the last refuge of a Democrat.

■

Popular history may look back on this election not as the one George W. Bush nearly lost because of dimpled chads—but as the one he clearly won because blacks were kept from voting. Blacks already have started to view it that way: In a Zogby poll, 53 percent of whites who voted for Gore said they would view a Bush presidency as legitimate, but 60 percent of black Gore voters said they wouldn't. If patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel, as Samuel Johnson once said, then racism is the last refuge of a Democrat—and it's how liberals will attempt to interpret this election for years to come.

Civil-rights leaders are already taking up the cudgels. "There is a pattern of intentional racial profiling of voting while black. It's sinister," said Jesse Jackson on December 3. "African-

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American voters were targeted to be disenfranchised."

In fact, there's precious little truth to these charges. If there was any attempt to disenfranchise blacks, it was a conspicuous failure. Although black turnout nationwide remained flat compared with 1996, it was up dramatically in a few places—including Florida, where it rose by as much as 65 percent. This should hardly come as a shock to the NAACP, which spent at least $1 million in the state. Democrat Bill Nelson probably owes his Senate victory to new black voters. If blacks had voted at rates similar to those of four years ago, Gore himself would have no grounds for challenging the results in Florida: Bush would have beaten him handily.

Put any election under a microscope, and problems are bound to emerge: registered voters whose names don't show up on the rolls, the disqualification of absentee ballots, last-minute precinct changes causing confusion, and even parking problems. All of these charges, and more, have been made in Florida. One speaker at the NAACP's Miami hearing said a ballot box was not picked up from his church. Some Haitian voters apparently weren't given bilingual ballots (although, it must be said, the ability to read English is a naturalization requirement). In Leon County, the police manned a "safety checkpoint" near a polling place (in what turned out to be a perfectly legal and innocuous operation).

Yet it's true that black ballots appear to have been invalidated at a high rate. One-third of the disqualified votes in south Florida were cast in predominately black areas, according to an analysis by Ft. Lauderdale's *Sun-Sentinel*. In Duval and Miami-Dade counties, voters in precincts with a black population of greater than 70 percent were roughly three times more likely to have a ruined ballot as were those in precincts with a black population of less than 30 percent, according to a *Washington Post* study.

But recognizing this reality does not require a belief that blacks faced a systematic denial of their voting rights in Florida—or that anything at all untoward went on. In typical left-wing fashion, the *Village Voice*'s Laura Conaway and James Ridgeway blamed Gore's defeat in Florida on "a centuries-old national system of labor, education, and politics designed to keep African Americans from rising above the legacy of chattel slavery." In the same article, however, they also identified a fundamental truth, one that few others have been brave enough to mention: "the botched ballots of the barely literate." This is a difficult thing for anybody to discuss for fear of being branded a hater. On December 6, *Boston Globe* columnist Derrick Z. Jackson condemned "patronizing, if not racist, Republican strategists [who] imply that black voters displayed a low IQ in the voting booth." The question, of course, isn't IQ; it's education—and the *Village Voice* is correct when it identifies literacy as a major reason so many ballots cast by blacks were disallowed. The reading scores of black 17-year-olds are comparable to those of white 13-year-olds. Is it any surprise then that some blacks have more difficulty making sense of ballots?

Until the literacy gap between blacks and whites narrows, there will also be a voting gap.

Kweisi Mfume by Ismael Roldan

Rural Gadsden County—the only majority-black county in Florida—is a case in point. Two-thirds of its voters supported Gore, but it also had to throw out 12 percent of its ballots, more than any other county in the state. Its fourth-, eighth-, and tenth-graders ranked dead last in state reading scores. The Left simply refuses to acknowledge that these uncomfortable facts have consequences in the voting booth. In Duval County, Democratic representative Corrine Brown and Jesse Jackson have sued the canvassing board, citing those high ballot-spoilage rates.

Oddly enough, it's George W. Bush who's been talking about this problem—to the NAACP itself. Speaking at the NAACP convention in July, Bush said that reading is "the new civil right." He repeated these words in the second presidential debate and in campaign ads. The experience of Florida shows how they hit the mark. Blacks don't face literacy tests they way they did in Mississippi four decades ago, but they do face literacy tests insofar as they actually have to read and understand the ballots placed before them. These rules apply to everybody, of course. But until the literacy gap between blacks and whites narrows, there will also be a voting gap. Both of these gaps will close a lot sooner if the NAACP and liberal civil-rights leaders realize that racism is no longer the biggest hurdle for blacks in America, that Palm Beach is not Selma, and that today's civil-rights agenda would benefit from fresh thinking. The first step is to see what the problem really is. **NR**

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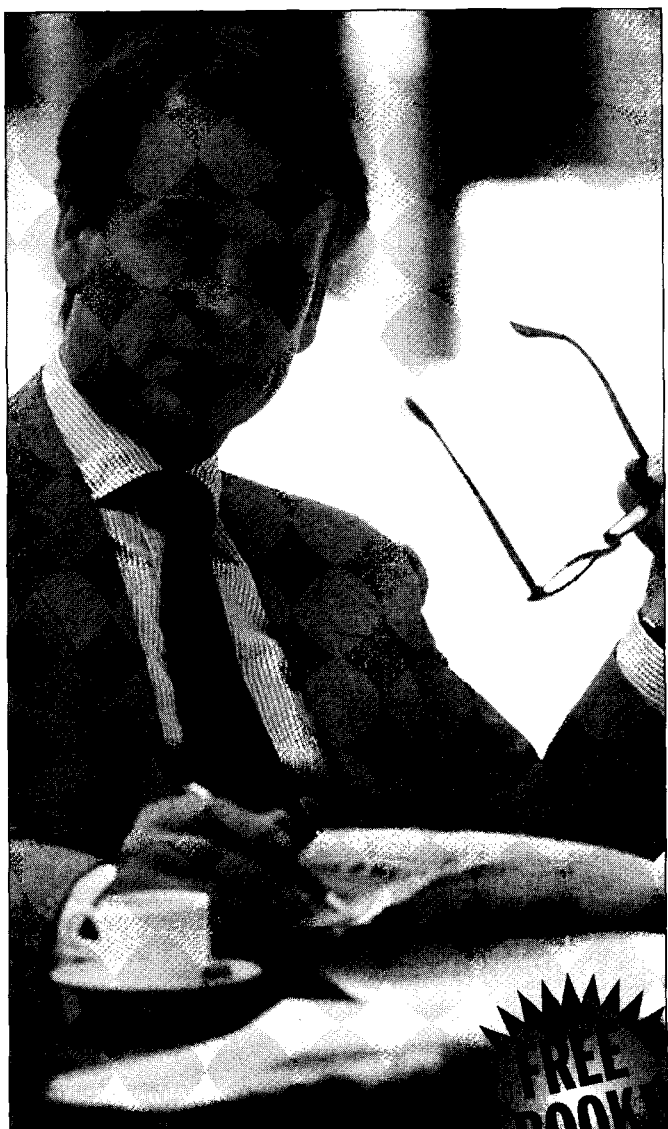

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■ CAMPAIGN 2000 III ■

Undue Restraint

Why judicial activism has its place

RICHARD A. EPSTEIN

THE never-ending saga of Bush v. Gore has now spilled over twice into the U.S. Supreme Court. At times, the arguments in that lofty tribunal have sounded technical, almost arid, as lawyers from both sides disputed whether the Florida supreme court usurped the legislative power with its (to be charitable) imaginative take-over of the entire recount process, whether an equal-protection clause allowed different counties to use different standards in reading chads, or, more crucially, whether the new standard of counting dimples passed constitutional muster.

Outside the courtroom, however, the debate has been testier, as each side has accused the other of abandoning its most sacred constitutional principles to secure short-term political gain. Democratic pundits have pummeled Bush and the conservative Supreme Court justices as constitutional hypocrites for staying the Florida recount, in stark disregard of their cherished position of judicial restraint. More specifically, they claim that conservatives have junked their commitment to states' rights, and have given the equal-protection clauses an extravagant reading that overrides sensible legislative classifications. Conversely, Republicans state—with somewhat less conviction—that the Democrats too have reversed field on both these issues.

In fact, both sides have missed the mark. There are no short cuts to constitutional adjudication. The key mistake in this debate is the claim, echoed by conservatives and liberals alike, that judicial restraint is the hallmark of sound judicial construction. Unfortunately, that assertion is too often confused with the correct proposition that judges should interpret—not make—the law. The Framers had no presumption, either of activism or of restraint. Rather, their system of checks and balances was flexible enough to allow the national and state governments to, well, govern, while protecting the ordinary liberties of citizens that their former British rulers had all too often ignored.

In seeking a compromise between hopeless rigidity and constitutional license, the Framers knew that they could not set the budget appropriations for FY 2000, nor negotiate Mideast peace treaties, nor figure out an optimal scheme for Internet regulation. For these issues, they looked to sound legislative and executive institutions to create the backdrop for intelligent legislative deliberation and faithful enforcement of the law. Yet the Framers also knew that the built-in risk of political factions could lead to oppressive laws. To counter this risk, elaborate voting systems required all bills to pass multiple hurdles before becoming law. Further, the Framers knew from bitter experience that economic and political unrest could overrun these safeguards, and so they adopted *broad* constitutional guarantees for the freedom of speech, the free exercise of religion, and the protection of private property.

REUTERS/STR

Over the line?

The central function of the Supreme Court as keeper of the Constitution is to apply these original constitutional commands to modern federal and state legislation. The Court does *not* act as a faithful agent of the Framers by giving *broad* constitutional provisions *narrow* readings, any more than it could do so by giving *narrow* constitutional provisions *broad* readings. Charges of judicial activism therefore are only properly sustained when narrow provisions are given broad constructions; by the same token, the Court is guilty of judicial abnegation of its constitutional role if it timidly applies broad provisions.

The only way to get things right, therefore, is to square up any challenged legislative or executive action with the constitutional provision invoked to strike it down. There is no need to invoke some magical presumption when none exists; but both liberals and conservatives have endlessly flip-flopped on this key question. Between the Civil War and the New Deal, a somewhat conservative Court struck down much social legislation (e.g., the minimum wage) used to rein in industrial capitalism. Those decisions were deplored by progressives who wanted to give a wide berth to legislative programs; yet these same progressives also did nothing to dislodge segregation under Jim Crow. Once the liberals won the battle on economic policy in the great constitutional crisis of 1937, they instantly reversed field on judicial restraint to orchestrate the successful Supreme Court attack against segregation, in both North and South. Then, the conservatives backed off from defending judicial intervention on behalf of property and business, but continued to doubt the wisdom of the Supreme Court's historic interventions on matters of race.

So who's right? Well, here's one vote for judicial intervention in both cases, not because of some dyed-in-the-wool activism, but because of the firm conviction that constitutional structure and text require it. In the federalist system, the principle of enumerated powers—i.e., that the Constitution gives the Congress only certain specified powers—necessarily puts certain activities beyond the reach of the national government. The federal government prop-

Mr. Epstein is a professor of law at the University of Chicago.

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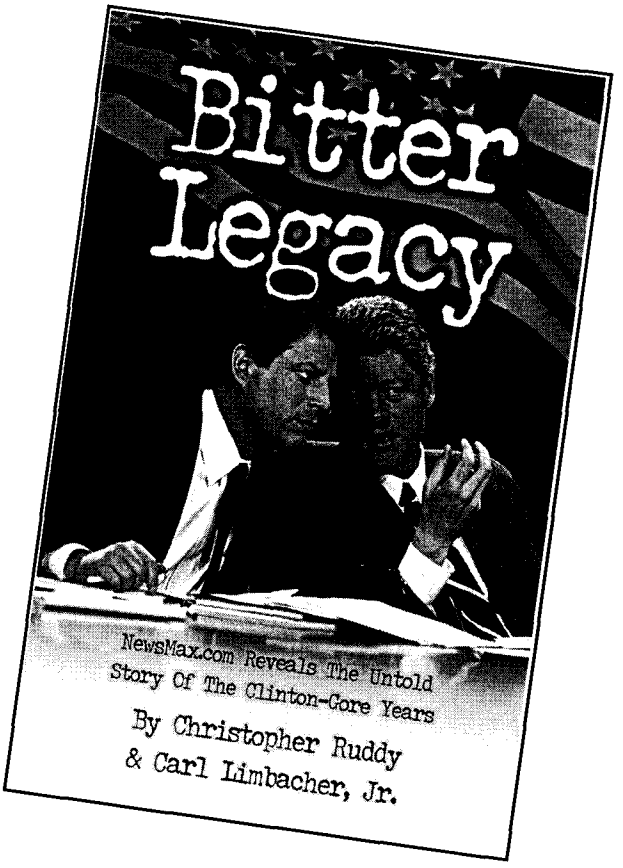

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erly regulates trade and transportation across state lines, whether by horse or by airplane, as "commerce . . . among the several states"; it would be improper for it to regulate commerce *within* a given state. The Court, therefore, should have struck down New Deal statutes that allowed the federal government to regulate local farming practices or the working conditions in local mines and mills.

Another key principle is that individual rights of, for example, property and speech *are* subject to government regulation under the so-called "police power"—*but only for the purpose of preserving health, safety, and morals*. It is true that the words "police power" appear nowhere in the Constitution, but the document is literally unintelligible if the ownership of property covers the right to pollute or the freedom of speech protects defamation and fraud. So far, so good; but any regulation that exists merely to take property or wealth from one group to another is a different story. All too often the regulation of land, business, and speech serves only to advance this kind of partisan or venal purpose. Such legislation lies *outside* the scope of the police power—and should therefore be struck down by the Court as an offense against the constitutional guarantees of property, liberty, speech, and contract.

The great mistake of modern conservatives is to embrace eagerly a full-throated skepticism that denies that the Constitution contains any substantive theory of what is, and is not, sound legislation—that the document could accommodate the principles of Marx and the Fabian Socialists as easily as those of Locke and Montesquieu. In fact, Madison saw the Constitution as a bulwark against the risk of faction; at their root, all the structural and individual guarantees contained in it are directed against that evil.

This has serious consequences for how we should understand the Constitution today. The choice is never between restraint and activism; it is, rather, a question of whether the attack against a piece of legislation makes sense in light of constitutional text and structure. It is in this light that we should view the debate over the Supreme Court's role in the Florida controversy. **NR**

■ **CAMPAIGN 2000 IV** ■

'9 Edge First'

An ode to the punch card

JOHN DERBYSHIRE

THIS past month of obsessing over chads and dimples has been a trial for the candidates, an endurance test for political commentators ("What's left to *say?*" they moan to each other in the hallways), and a vexation for many citizens. For us old mainframe-heads, though, it has been a feast of nostalgia. Punched cards! I thought I had seen my last punched card 15 years ago. Then, suddenly, they were all over my TV news. As Verlaine whimpered, "*Souvenir, souvenir, que me veux-tu?*"

I have been involved with computers since my school days. They have provided me with a reliable source of income all through my adult life. The first computers I encountered were mainframe machines, secluded in custom-built rooms with $40,000 air-conditioning units, trained attendants, and false floors beneath which lurked staggering quantities of wire. There were no proper terminals attached to these monsters, only a teletype for the operator. Data came out printed on green-lined sheets of paper. It went in on punched cards.

My first few months of computing were spent getting acquainted with those cards. Each card had 12 rows (numbered 12, 11, then 0 through 9) and 80 columns. By punching holes in a column using a mechanical hand punch, you caused that column to have a meaning. I have punched 2,000-line COBOL programs on the hand punch, each line a card with 40 or 50 columns punched—close to 100,000 downward jabs on the keypad. Mis-punches were no problem, and I can now reveal the secret for replacing a chad in its punched hole securely enough to get it through the reader: You lay the card flat on the table, press a free chad into the hole, and *scribble over it with a soft lead pencil*. The chad will then stay in place even after passing through the card reader. I used to think I was the last person in the world who remembered this trick, but after watching the shenanigans in Florida this past month, I am no longer so sure.

Having punched your program onto a stack of several hundred cards, you took them to the computer room and delivered them to an operator, praying that he would not drop them (a computer program only works if its instructions are executed *in the right order*). The operator, in his own good time, would feed them into the card reader—"face down, 9 edge first," according to the instructions on the reader.

In the later 1970s remote terminals came in, and networks, and online development tools; in the 1980s the PC appeared and "client server" systems came into vogue. The 1990s, of course, were the years of the Internet revolution. I went along with all this somewhat grudgingly, mastered the baroque new programming languages, learned data modeling, object-oriented code, HTML tags, and the rest. In my innermost heart, though, I scorned it all. I was still a mainframe-head. As Rudyard Kipling pointed out: "We've only one virginity to lose / And where we lost it there our hearts will be!"

It was thus with some glee that I watched the Florida vote count. Technology-wise, it was a trip down memory lane. You and I may spend our free time surfing the web; in Florida they are punching holes in Hollerith cards and feeding them into card readers—face down, 9 edge first, one hopes. The card readers in turn send the data on the cards to mainframe systems, to be processed by programs written, in some cases, back when I was whanging away at the hand punch.

Why are voting systems so antiquated? Of Florida's 67 counties, 27 use punched-card systems, 37 use the only slightly more advanced "mark-sense" cards developed in the 1960s, two still have mechanical voting machines, and one relies entirely on manual counting. This is about par for the nation as a whole.

A large part of the problem is inertia,

Mr. Derbyshire is a contributing editor of NATIONAL REVIEW.

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what systems people call the "installed base." When you have a large computer system in place, it is awfully troublesome and expensive to switch to a new one. Old programmer's joke: How was God able to create the world in just six days? Answer: No installed base.

There is a monthly newsletter called *The Bell* dedicated to the promotion of voting by Internet. Last spring, they surveyed Florida voting systems. One typical response to their queries came from the supervisor of elections for Tampa's Hillsborough County, which currently uses punched cards: "[The Supervisor] favors a touch screen system . . . but is not ready to proceed with a purchase recommendation. Changing voting systems is a huge undertaking . . . Would like to change voting systems in the next 5 to 6 years."

For many of these localities, the sheer expense of changing systems is the main issue, and has actually incited rebellion. Maryland state law, for example, requires counties to purchase computerized voting machines. After estimating the cost to them as around $450,000, the commissioners of Dorchester County, in the rural eastern part of the state, have flatly declared their intention to break the law. "I don't mind spending two or three nights in jail," remarked commission president Tom Flowers. "They all like me out there."

And note that the height of ambition in Tampa is "a touch screen system." Even their imagined future is out of date. Touch screen—more properly known as "DRE," for "direct recording electronic"—systems are like those that turned up on some ATMs in the 1980s. They are expensive to install and maintain, and produce no audit trail for later investigation. They therefore increase the opportunities for vote-tampering by the people who program these systems, already a serious threat to electoral integrity.

How difficult would it be for a programmer at one of the big voting-system vendors to corrupt an election? Not difficult at all. The program code is all "proprietary," which means the vendor need not submit it to independent audit—a principle that has been protected by the courts when tested. The vendors frequently supply not only the software and hardware, but also the printed ballots, advice on voting procedures, maintenance, and other services. Vote-tabulation logic is known only to the programmers. Similar objections apply to any non-card computerized system, including one that employs the Internet. With punched or marked cards there is at least some physical evidence of how the votes were cast.

Those Hollerith cards may thus be with us for some time yet. A history of punched cards available on the Internet concludes with the following rather touching paragraph:

> One of the last important uses for punched cards is likely to be voting. Use of prescored punched card ballots was introduced in the late 1960s, and . . . this format is, in 1998, the most widely used computer-based election technology, although mark-sense ballots and direct-recording electronic voting machines are likely to replace punched cards in coming decades.

In coming decades! So 30 or 40 years from now, they may still be punching cards in eastern Maryland. My entire working life will have begun and ended in the punched-card era! I have no problem with this at all. Just bury me face down, 9 edge first. **NR**

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Symptomatic of the assault is a recent book by Catholic writer Garry Wills, a Pulitzer Prize-winning author, with the telling title *Papal Sin: Structures of Deceit*. Wills rejects Papal Infallibility, the Apostolic Succession, Transubstantiation, the Immaculate Conception, and the Church's teaching on contraception, abortion, homosexuality, the all-male priesthood, etc.

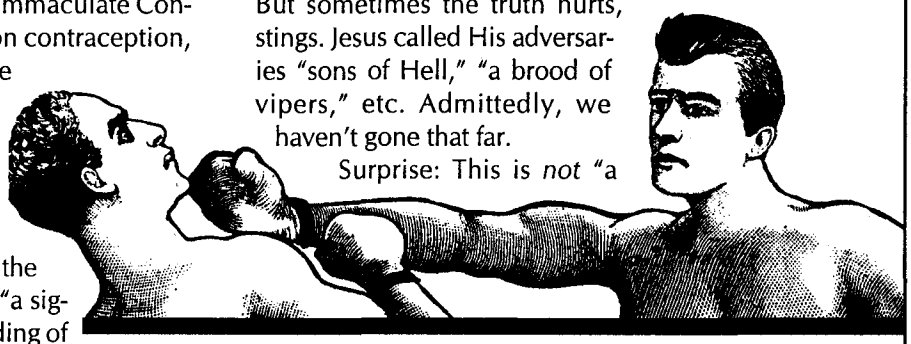
Will Mr. Wills get the de-Catholicized church he — and so many others — want? Many expect he will. Tad Szulc, author of a major biography of Pope John Paul II, wrote in the *Washington Post* that Wills's book is "a significant contribution to the understanding of the process of change, already *inevitably* underway" in the Church (italics added).

Yes, it *is* the common wisdom that the Spirit of the Age is irresistible and that orthodox Catholicism will inevitably collapse.

Dear readers, it's intimidating to be told — not just in this case, but over and over again — that you will inevitably be tossed on the trash heap of history. But we must *not* be intimidated. Marx predicted that Christians would land on the trash heap, that according to the "Laws of History" the triumph of atheistic Communism was "inevitable." But it didn't work out that way. One reason it didn't was because both ordinary and extraordinary people (from Solzhenitsyn to the Polish Pope) co-operated with grace and resisted, doggedly resisted — resisted when it seemed there was no point in further resistance.

"To everything there is a season," says the Book of Ecclesiastes, "a time to weep and a time to laugh...a time to keep silence and a time to speak...a time of war and a time of peace."

This is a time to speak, a time for war — a war of wits. We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, a militantly Catholic monthly magazine, stand with the Church of the Ages in resisting the Spirit of the Age. While we've been denounced by the hypersensitive as "mean-spirited," we haven't been accused of lying. We tell the truth as charitably as we can — given all the provocations. But sometimes the truth hurts, stings. Jesus called His adversaries "sons of Hell," "a brood of vipers," etc. Admittedly, we haven't gone that far.



Surprise: This is *not* "a time to weep," it's "a time to laugh." Oh yes, it can be dark out there. Malcolm Muggeridge predicted that liberalism — which he brilliantly characterized as "a solvent rather than a precipitate, a sedative rather than a stimulant, a slough rather than a precipice" — will bring down "the darkness on our civilization." But then, as Chesterton said, "The men who are signed with the cross of Christ go gaily in the dark." Moreover, the Catholic sun *still* shines here and there, and, as Hilaire Belloc observed, "Wherever the Catholic sun doth shine, there's music and laughter and good red wine." So we at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW not only resist, we sing and laugh. And that's what really infuriates our adversaries. Whenever possible, we lace our punches with humor, satire, parody, even sarcasm. Why? Because the heretics, dissenters, and secularists — the Sister Snakebites, Fr. Bozos, and Prof. Pooh-Bahs — really *need* to be laughed at. So join us in the mirthful Catholic sun by subscribing!

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■ COVER STORY ■

Orthodox Democrat

The fall of Joe Lieberman

JAY NORDLINGER

'SAY it ain't so, Joe"—it was one of the most common headlines of the 2000 campaign. And it was found not only in the conservative press, but in more mainstream precincts as well. The "Joe," of course, was Sen. Joseph Lieberman, Al Gore's running mate, and increasingly his likeness. In myriad ways, Lieberman disappointed his old admirers, and attracted new ones. And it was, indeed, "so."

For about ten years, Lieberman had been many Republicans' favorite Democrat: the very model of a "New Democrat," freed of the nonsense of his party's Left. But then he had his rendezvous with Al Gore and national Democratic status, and collapsed like a house of cards. To be sure, the Lieberman style remained intact: the religiosity, the sanctimony, the self-absorption. But the substance of the man seemed to evaporate before our eyes. This led to the jibe "All yarmulke, no Torah" (to go with the less fresh "All hat, no cattle" applied to George W. Bush).

Joe Lieberman by Roman Genn

Even in a profession packed with egos, Joe Lieberman stands out. He sometimes brings to mind the old expression, "He'll die in his own arms." And a man once seen as almost above politics—a thinker, a statesman, a man of "conscience"—is now understood to be an ordinary pol, or worse. Three weeks into the Florida post-election season, Chris Matthews, the journalist and ex-aide to Tip O'Neill, marveled as follows: "I sense that Joe Lieberman is the horniest, most ambitious politician I have ever seen in my life."

He is not unique, though. Lieberman has a close analogue in his fellow senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, another vaunted "conscience of the Senate." Both men are accomplished, and prolific, talkers. They are also famous "wrestlers"—always wrestling with issues, and wrestling with dilemmas, and wrestling—inevitably—with "conscience." And when they are done wrestling, it is almost always the Democratic party—whatever its needs—that has won.

The other day, *Wall Street Journal* editor Robert L. Bartley remarked that Lieberman "will have to spend a long time recovering his piety." Maybe, maybe not. People's memories tend to be short, and politicians, in particular, have a way of gliding on. But Lieberman may indeed have to put a little effort into polishing his halo. Before he succeeds, let's "review the situation," as a song lyric has it. What is it about this man that has disgusted so many conservatives—and more than a few principled liberals too?

THE WEICKER SLAYER

NATIONAL REVIEW was, so to speak, present at the creation. For many years, it had groaned under Connecticut senator Lowell Weicker, a Republican, but a particularly obnoxious foe of conservatives. When it came to his position in the GOP, Weicker would charmingly say, "I'll always be the turd in the punch bowl."

NATIONAL REVIEW, however, was determined to remove him. In 1988, when the senator was up for reelection, the magazine's founder, William F. Buckley Jr., and his family—longtime residents of Connecticut—had an idea: They would form "Buckleys for Lieberman." In due course, this became "BuckPac," a small but potent movement to unseat Weicker and replace him with the state's attorney general, Joe Lieberman. Bill Buckley straightforwardly proclaimed that Weicker was "the number-one horse's ass in the Senate"; Lieberman, in contrast, was someone a body could stomach.

That November, Lieberman topped Weicker by 10,000 votes—a landslide, perhaps, by the standards of 2000, but a squeaker in any normal year. Did BuckPac make a difference—even *the* difference? Some thought so, and not only the group's members. Lieberman himself hinted as much. As he was preparing to take the oath of office in January 1989, NATIONAL REVIEW expressed the hope—largely mirthful—that the senator, "on mature reflection," would switch parties.

Mr. Nordlinger, managing editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, took a leave from the magazine over the last month and a half of the general election to work on the staff of Gov. Bush.

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Terror in Israel
Can the peace process be saved?

The world is once again confronted with the frenzy of Arab-Muslim terror. It has found its crudest and most disturbing expression in the upheavals in Israel, the well-orchestrated "second intifada," and in the suicide attack on the USS COLE, in which seventeen American sailors died and scores were gravely wounded.

What are the facts?

A history of terror. Since that famous handshake on the White House lawn seven years ago, there have been many suicide bombings and other murderous attacks on Jews in Israel. Not content with that, the Muslim-Arab murderers have perpetrated outrages against Israel and against other western targets all over the world. For instance, they bombed and totally destroyed two U.S. embassies in Africa, with grievous loss of life. They bombed the World Trade Center in New York and were barely prevented from bombing the Lincoln and Holland Tunnels, the U.N. building and the subway. Arab-Muslim terrorists car bombed and totally destroyed the Jewish Community Center in Buenos Aires, the Israeli Embassy in the same city, and bombed and destroyed the Israeli Embassy in London. Hundreds of people were killed. There can be no question that Arab-Muslim terrorists were behind the PanAm flight 103 plane explosion (whether they were Libyans or Palestinians, does it make any difference?), the blowing up of the U.S. Air Force barracks in Saudi Arabia, in which nineteen Air Force personnel died, and in literally hundreds of other acts of terror. The Arab-Muslim states were in all cases conspicuous by their unhelpfulness, stiff-arming all efforts by Israel and the United States to find and punish the culprits. Without exception, all these terror acts, including the murder of two U.S. diplomats in Khartoum (Sudan), were explicitly authored by Yassir Arafat. That is a man, who until too long ago, was classified by the U.S. State Department as an international terrorist and was precluded from entering the United States. Now, thanks mostly to deluded Israeli leftists and "peace activists", he has emerged as a recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize (surely one of recent history's most outrageous jokes) and as a "statesman" who is received with honor in the capitals and chancelleries of the world.

> "For peace to be possible, the Arab world has to develop a totally different mind set. It has to fully accept to live side-by-side with the Jewish State of Israel."

Any pretext suffices. The world is comfortable in believing that the rage of the Arab-Muslims is directed toward Israel and that peace would reign in the Middle East and the world if, by some unholy miracle, Israel would agree to all Arab requests or, better yet, disappear altogether. That calamity would cause great rejoicing in the Arab-Muslim world. But it would really only be the beginning. The real enemy, the "great Satan" is the Western world, and especially the United States. Everything we believe in -- democracy, justice, human rights, freedom of religion (especially!) is anathema to the Arab-Muslims. But, of course, the destruction of the State of Israel is the primary and immediate goal, not just of the Palestinian Arabs, but of all Arab Muslims and of the non-Arab Iranians. Instead of following the agreements of the Oslo Accord, Arafat goads his followers with blood-curdling speeches into ever-increasing violence, urging them to "liberate Palestine" (that means all of Israel) and Jerusalem by jihad (holy war), "by blood and by fire," and to become martyrs for this sacred cause.

Any pretext to violence suffices. Now it is a visit to the Temple Mount by Ariel Sharon. Before that it was the opening of an archaeological tunnel that offended the sensitivities of the Palestinian Arabs. Then it was the construction of residences by Israeli Jews on land that they owned. And often no pretext at all is needed. Terror is committed out of sheer hatred for the Jews and the desire to kill as many of them as possible. And that is the nub of the problem. Only the most naive can believe that the Palestinian Arabs (or the rest of the Arab-Muslim world) can be placated by the Israelis bringing "sacrifices for peace." The Arabs will not be satisfied with any piece of land. Even if the Israeli Jews were prepared to hand over the entire land of Israel to the Arabs and only retain, perhaps, the enclave of Tel Aviv, it would not suffice. The elimination of any Jewish vestige is the inalterable goal. The presence of Jews in the Middle East is an unacceptable thorn in the side of the Arabs -- an insult that must be avenged and eliminated. But, of course, no peace can come about until that attitude and that mindset change.

What does this mean for the so-called "peace process"? The Israelis, especially under the leadership of Ehud Barak, have fulfilled every obligation undertaken in the Oslo Accord -- including many additional concessions that were not required of them. Arafat and his people have fulfilled none of their obligations, including the most basic one, namely to abstain from violence and terror. They have not amended their infamous charter, which calls for the destruction of the State of Israel. They have created an army of over 40,000 men, with missiles, artillery and anti-tank weapons, totally prohibited under the Oslo Accord. Can the "peace process" be saved? At this point, and in view of recent happenings, the regretful answer has to be that it doesn't seem likely for any foreseeable future. Since all Arab children are imbued from first grade with hatred for the Jews and with the desire to become martyrs for their cause, that would seem to be a long way off.

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In the Senate, Lieberman did indeed make an improvement over Weicker. Still, there were signs of the Lieberman we would see in full come 2000. Take the Clarence Thomas nomination. When the judge was first put forward, Lieberman had nothing but glowing things to say about him, praising, for example, his "strength of character, independence of mind, and intellect generally." But then came Anita Hill's accusations. Lieberman did not swallow them whole—or at all. No, he and his staff spoke with a host of other women who had worked with Thomas, and the senator was pleased to announce that "there had been universal support" for the judge, and "not even a hint of impropriety."

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Yet Lieberman in the end voted against Thomas—waiting until the last possible moment, when the much-abused judge had already received enough votes for confirmation.

So, what won conservative hearts? For one thing, Lieberman was stalwart on school choice, supporting vouchers that would allow poorer parents to send their children to private schools. He pushed for "pilot programs" all over the country. The senator was especially passionate about school choice in the District of Columbia, where it is sorely needed—and where it has been consistently denied by the Democratic party. In 1997, he said: "There are some who dismiss suggestions of school-choice programs and charter schools out of hand . . . The undeniable reality here is that this system is already in ruins. And to blindly reject new models and refuse to try new ideas is simply foolish. We can and must do better for these children. And to cling stubbornly to the failures of the past will just not get us there."

George W. Bush could not have put it better—and, indeed, he didn't. But Lieberman would accuse Bush of "public-school abandonment"—just as hard-core educationists had accused him, Lieberman.

And affirmative action? Here Lieberman carried significant moral heft. In 1995, he said, "Affirmative action is dividing us in ways its creators could never have intended, because most Americans who do support equal opportunity and are not biased don't think it is fair to discriminate against some Americans as a way to make up for historic discrimination against other Americans. For after all, if you discriminate in favor of one group on the basis of race, you thereby discriminate against another group on the basis of race."

George Bush would certainly be unwilling to go this far in his public statements. Yet Lieberman and other Democrats in 2000 repeatedly depicted him as an enemy of black Americans.

When it came to Social Security, Lieberman was a brave and pioneering reformer. In 1998 he declared that "a remarkable wave of innovative thinking is advancing the concept of privatization. . . . I think in the end that individual control of part of the retirement Social Security funds has got to happen." The senator voted to take 2 percent of the payroll tax and invest it in private accounts—and to raise the retirement age for both Social Security and Medicare.

Not even Bush—brave and pioneering as *he* was—would go this far. And yet the Democrats—not excluding their vice-presidential nominee—portrayed him as a threat to the health and well-being of the elderly.

In the Senate, Lieberman embraced other positions as well that are generally regarded as "conservative." He bucked his party to support a cut in the capital-gains tax. He worked with William J. Bennett to censure and correct the entertainment industry. He stood foursquare for tort reform (although this was probably a function of his representing an insurance-industry state; once he went national, this was no longer a problem). And in probably his finest hour, he refused to be an obstructionist for the White House on the committee investigating campaign-finance abuses. He explained that he was loath to "defend the indefensible."

That sets the bar fairly low—a refusal to obstruct a key congressional investigation. Yet Republicans are usually grateful for anything they can get out of a Democrat. This was certainly more than they could get from that committee's senior Democrat, John Glenn. So Lieberman—for the equivalent of declining to push over baby carriages in the street—was lionized.

Manner counts as well. Throughout his career, Lieberman has depended heavily on manner. In fact, it has meant the world to him. While that manner is often cloying, it can be thoughtful, genial, and reassuring. As a consequence, Lieberman is badly underrated as a demagogue. Ted Kennedy might say, "Those right-wingers are throwing old people out into the snow!" Lieberman would say—with a sorrowful shake of the head—"It pains me to conclude that our Republican friends simply don't understand that the effects of their policies would be to evict our elderly—among the most precious of God's children—into the dark and forbidding night."

THE BIG MOMENT

In September 1998 came Joe Lieberman's Big Moment: his chiding of Bill Clinton on the floor of the Senate, eight months into the Lewinsky affair. He rebuked Clinton for "immorality" and for making it harder for parents to rear children. There was nothing truly remarkable in what Lieberman said—Republicans had been saying it, and much more, all along. But, again, Lieberman received high marks—and national fame—for sticking out in his crowd. He was hailed as a thrilling combination of Maimonides and Mr. Smith.

Of course, the senator had nothing to say about Clinton's criminal acts; he talked only about "private behavior." In fact, Lieberman is practically the author of the "It's only personal" line pursued so successfully by the Democrats, from Clinton on down.

On *Meet the Press*, the Sunday after the Big Moment, Lieberman allowed that his floor speech was "the hardest thing I've ever done in my political career." But he had to

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be—here comes the C-word—"true to my own conscience." Even more—here is another typical Lieberman flourish—"I honestly felt it was the best thing for him and his presidency." Then the show's host, Tim Russert, asked the money question: "Do you believe that Bill Clinton has the morality and integrity to be president of the United States?" Lieberman replied, "I do . . . He's made some serious mistakes here"—but they were "personal mistakes." And that was that.

Needless to say, Lieberman voted to acquit Clinton in the Senate. In doing so, he acknowledged that "it is likely that there were occasions on which the president made false or misleading statements and took actions which could have had the effect of impeding discovery of evidence in judicial proceedings"—but, hey: "Whether any of his conduct constitutes a criminal offense such as perjury or obstruction of justice is not for me to decide. That, appropriately, should and must be left to the criminal-justice system . . . " Most other Democrats did not make nearly as much of a show as Lieberman; they simply cast their votes to acquit, denouncing Republicans as "witch hunters" as they went. But Lieberman—like Pat Moynihan—had "wrestled," and agonized, and wrung his hands. And fallen in with his party.

THE BIG TIME

When Al Gore selected Joe Lieberman as his running mate, he made probably the wisest move of his campaign. Vice-presidential nominations are seldom consequential—"First, do no harm" is the watchword—but Lieberman seemed to do Gore loads of good, immediately separating him from the problematic Clinton and guiding him toward an imagined political center. At the time of his pick, Gore was trailing Bush (who, granted, had just had his convention) badly; when he announced Lieberman, he pulled practically even—overnight.

Certainly no candidate in history has been happier to be included on a ticket than Lieberman. In 1988, Dan Quayle was ridiculed for puppyish enthusiasm; Lieberman in 2000 would make him seem positively sedate. For days—weeks, months—it was one, long "Yippee!" In particular, Lieberman milked his status as a Jewish pioneer for all it was worth. As one (Jewish) wag griped, "It's like he's saying, 'I just got off the boat and they made me vice president—*what a country!*'"

At his unveiling in Tennessee, Lieberman made an especially grating speech, setting the tone for his campaign. There was a lot of mugging and fist-pumping and high-fiving and kiss-blowing—and a lot of quoting Chronicles and thanking the Lord and his 85-year-old mother (he would *always* give her age, as though it were some freakish Guinness mark) and "this miracle" and "I love you and thank you, my dear Hadassah Freilich Lieberman." But there was also the strained and strange testimony in behalf of Al Gore. One paean ended, "He has never, never wavered in his responsibilities as a father, as a husband, and—yes—as a servant of God Almighty." So there.

Lieberman went on to link himself to John Kennedy. And to quote the Beatles. And to note duly—*very* duly—that he had had a "memorable" conversation with "the Reverend Jesse Jackson," who "said something to me that went to my heart" (something about breaking barriers). Lieberman pronounced his ticket the "American Dream Team"—and declared that "eight years ago, the American Dream was *not* alive and well." Not just not realized, or imperfectly realized, but not even *alive and well*—the mere dream! Little did anyone know that Lieberman would sing the Democratic music so well.

So in Joe Lieberman, Al Gore got a bonus—not just Maimonides, but a partisan pit bull. Let no one think that Lieberman eschewed the traditional vice-presidential role of hatchet man. He may not have the manner of Spiro Agnew, or Bob Dole (1976 version), but he unquestionably did his duty, as his party saw it.

ONE BY ONE

And then there was that collapse. Now, politics involves compromise, and there is nothing inherently blameworthy about it. Vice-presidential nominees, in particular, bear a heavy burden of compromise. Sometimes they do it with grace; sometimes they do it clumsily. But they do it, to one extent or another.

Joe Lieberman, though, must have shattered every existing record. And he did it not with humility, or a cognizant wink and shrug; he did it with aggressiveness, and denial, and an odorous self-righteousness.

In a flash, he walked away from school choice, on which he had been so hot. In one of his most disingenuous moments, he said of George Bush's education proposals, "Frankly, he focuses too much on vouchers, goes to it too quickly—in a way abandons the public-school system."

On affirmative action, he more than collapsed: He abased himself in a fashion almost alarming. He knew early on that he had to placate his party's black radicals, led by Rep. Maxine Waters of California (dubbed by radio host Larry Elder "Kerosene Maxine" for her incendiary role in the Los Angeles riots). At the Democratic convention, Lieberman went before her and her band to give them whatever reassurances they needed to cinch their support for the ticket. (There had been noises about defection.) He said: "I *was* for affirmative action, *am* for affirmative action, and *will be* for affirmative action." This was a stunning statement, reminiscent of stories from totalitarian states. It also bore a relation to another (infamous) tripartite political declaration: George Wallace's "Segregation now, segregation tomorrow, segregation forever!"

In another move apparently intended to shore up the black vote, Lieberman did what no major or respectable politician had done before: propose to meet with Louis Farrakhan, the demagogue and hater who has a larger following than most Americans suppose. About Lieberman, Farrakhan had worried, "Would he be more faithful to the Constitution of the United States than to the ties that any Jewish person would have to the State of Israel?" (That's our Louis: always looking out for the Constitution.) On American Urban Radio, Lieberman said of Farrakhan: "I have respect for him." Pressed to say what that respect was based on, Lieberman mentioned Farrakhan's voter-registration activities—and thereby let the cat out of the bag.

On to Social Security: Here Lieberman performed another Mao-style self-denunciation, writing what the campaign

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labeled an "Op-Ed piece" (never published) entitled "My Private Journey Away from Privatization." On August 13, parroting language that even Gore had abandoned, Lieberman denounced the Bush plan—which was more cautious than the program that he himself had originally endorsed—as a "risky scheme."

Then there was the appeasement of another vital Democratic constituency: Hollywood. Lieberman pretended that he had never suggested government action against entertainment-industry malefactors—that he had only wanted to discomfit them. But in 1999, he had said, "We're coming dangerously close . . . , much as we prize our liberties, to the point where they're going to invite legal restrictions on their freedom because they are beginning to yell 'Fire!' in a crowded theater . . . , and they're going to be held accountable." At a Hollywood fundraiser on September 18, 2000, Lieberman said to the glitterati, "I promise you this: that we will never, never put the government in the position of telling you by law, through law, what to make. We will noodge you, but we will never become censors." Then, on October 5, in his vice-presidential debate versus Dick Cheney, Lieberman spoke of a Federal Trade Commission report alleging that Hollywood was marketing "adult rated" materials to children. "When that report came out," said Lieberman, "Al Gore and I said to the entertainment industry, 'Stop it.' And if you don't stop it in six months, we're going to ask the Federal Trade Commission to take action against you."

This is noodging?

As the general election wore on, Lieberman did a lot more than discard his positions and arguments for the good of the cause—he cut Republicans up. He led the effort to paint Bush's Texas as a Third World hellhole, where children (with distended bellies? too weak to bat away flies?) rotted uninsured. He caricatured Bush and Cheney as a pair of Big Oil fat cats. He accused them of "running down the military" because they criticized the Clinton administration's handling of it. He said that their plan to skip a generation of military technology—so as to leap ahead, the Bushies maintained—would "cripple our readiness." He said that their proposal to recall U.S. troops from the Balkans would "break up the NATO alliance."

And here is a real beauty: Bush and Cheney had suggested opening about 8 percent of the (gigantic) Arctic National Wildlife Refuge to oil drilling. So Lieberman charged that this "would cause irreversible damage to one of God's most awesome creations." When Lieberman drags God into it, we can bet that he is at his cheapest.

Again, not only conservatives noticed. By October 25, the *Washington Post*'s editorial board had had enough. Under the headline "Where's the Old Joe Lieberman?" it chronicled the senator's brazen reversals and described his (extended) dalliance with Farrakhan as "pitiful to watch."

It is hard to say which was the worst aspect of Lieberman's campaign—but probably it was the lending of his moral authority, such as it was, to the inflaming of race relations. On one *Meet the Press*, Tim Russert showed Lieberman the notorious NAACP ad exploiting the murder-by-dragging of James Byrd, a black Texan. The ad featured a moving truck and a suggestive chain trailing behind it, as the victim's daughter—narrating—decried Gov. Bush's unwillingness to sign further "hate crimes" legislation. (Bush argued that criminals should be punished as criminals, plain and simple. Two of the three Byrd murderers got the chair; the other received life in prison.) Said the daughter: "When Governor George W. Bush refused to support hate-crimes legislation, it was like my father was killed all over again."

Lieberman said that he had never seen the ad, which had been the subject of intense controversy for days: "Is that—was that someone related to James Byrd?" (meaning the narrating daughter). "Well," he finally said, "that's a sincere expression of her opinion. . . . Based on what you've told me, what I've just heard, I don't think there's anything factually wrong, and she's just expressing an opinion."

The "conscience of the Senate."

THE 'REAL HAWK'

On November 7, Lieberman handily won reelection to his Senate seat. He had chosen to remain his party's senatorial nominee in Connecticut, causing many Democrats to regard him as selfish. (If Lieberman is inaugurated as vice president, the state's governor, a Republican, will appoint a replacement senator, presumably a Republican. The division in the Senate will be 51 Republicans, 49 Democrats.) Toward the end of the campaign, Lieberman told an interviewer, "You know, in my daily prayers I definitely pray for the election of 51—at least—Democratic senators." Lest anyone misunderstand him, he went on to say, "I'm confident, and, as I say, I hope—and underline 'pray'—that the Democrats elect 51 senators." These are interesting prayers.

On December 6, the Associated Press reported the following: "When asked if he was glad that he doubled up on the Nov. 7 ballot, simultaneously running for vice president and reelection to his Senate seat from Connecticut, Lieberman just smiled."

The conscience of the Senate.

It should not be hard to guess what Lieberman prayed for in the presidential contest (which at this writing remains undecided). The senator has been very much the face and mouth of the Gore efforts in Florida. As one (unnamed) Democrat observed to the *Washington Post*, "He is the real hawk. Once you've tasted the big time, it's hard to go back."

Since Election Night, Lieberman has repeatedly emphasized that "we won the popular vote." This is obviously Talking Point Number One. And he has joined, or led, the assault on Florida secretary of state Katherine Harris. On November 16, he said, "Honestly [another Lieberman red flag], [she] has acted in a way that seems to me to be so unilateral, one-sided, and contrary to what the spirit of the law, let alone court decisions in Florida, suggest, which is that the whole intention of an election is to have the people's desires reflected in the outcome. Not to go by the technical, legal detail of the law."

This is Connecticut's former attorney general. A former student of Robert Bork's! And, of course, the conscience of the Senate.

Lieberman did seem slightly embarrassed by the furious Democratic effort to disqualify the votes of soldiers. "We ought to do everything we can," he said at one juncture, "to

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count the votes of our military personnel overseas." But then, asked what he might do in this regard, he answered, "I don't know that I have that authority. I don't believe I do legally or in any other way." *Or in any other way.*

The conscience of the Senate.

At November's end, he said the following about Republican protests in Miami-Dade County: "These demonstrations were clearly designed to intimidate and to prevent a simple count of votes from going forward." As *New York Post* columnist John Podhoretz showed, Lieberman twisted the words of the county's supervisor of elections, who had actually denied being intimidated, or even affected. Lieberman's statement, as Podhoretz wrote, was "a complete and total lie." The senator also declared—in one of his most galling utterances of the season—"the time for electioneering is long past." This from the party that invented the "permanent campaign." This from the man whose campaign chairman vowed, on Election Night, "Our campaign continues."

And, just as he lent himself to the racializing of the election, Lieberman has lent himself to the racializing of the postelection. (In America, anything can be racialized: an impeachment, a recount—anything.) His campaign manager, Donna Brazile, told the world that black voters in Florida had been kept away by "dogs, guns." And what did Lieberman have to say about this eye-popping, scandalizing, and ultimately deeply damaging lie? Nothing.

The conscience of the Senate.

Like Bill Clinton during the Year of Monica, Lieberman has wrapped his maneuvers in the Constitution. Said the senator, "We have an obligation to uphold the Constitution we are sworn to uphold." And "what we do now"—in Florida—"will be as important to the future of our country as anything any of us did during the campaign." So true. And what Lieberman did during the campaign—and after—should long be remembered, at least by those who believe that words and actions matter.

But will anyone remember? Hard to say. One can imagine Lieberman regaining his aura: delivering a couple of conciliatory speeches, making nice to Republicans, who are always suckers for Democratic niceness, astonishing as it is. But will Lieberman even want his old reputation back, now that he has a countryful of new, and different, friends? John Podhoretz has said, "He sold his soul, and found out it didn't hurt—so he kept going."

And how did this happen? Did the Democratic party do it to him? Is that party so bad that, when it beckons, it can make a basically good and wise man mean and absurd? Or did Lieberman do it to himself? On the trail, he seemed, as everyone remarked, a happy warrior. He may have taken a plunge—but he enjoyed it, embraced it lustily, fell with joy.

What we are left with is Lieberman the orthodox Democrat, the plain old Democrat, no big deal in the age of Clinton-Gore (or should we say Clinton-Gore-Lieberman?). But there is still that awful veneer: the unctuousness, the moralizing, the posturing, the lectures, the sniveling, the "wrestling," the self-love. Lieberman has proven himself basically the same as, oh—just at random—the other Connecticut senator, Christopher Dodd. But you know? At least Dodd spares us the crap. **NR**

Palm Beach Confidential

Smokes, doughnuts, and other war stories

BYRON YORK

IT was nearly 4 A.M. on Sunday, November 26, at the Palm Beach County Emergency Operations Center. Rep. Chris Shays, Republican from Connecticut, needed a cup of coffee. Rep. Rob Portman, Republican from Ohio, needed a bite to eat. And Carol Roberts, the famously Democratic member of the county canvassing board, needed a pack of cigarettes. Even though the deadline for turning in results of Palm Beach's manual recount was just twelve hours away, Roberts and her fellow board members, Judge Charles Burton and elections supervisor Theresa LePore, decided it was time for a graveyard-shift break.

"Someone said Dunkin' Donuts was open," recalls one of the Republicans who was in the room. "A staff guy had a car. So Chris looks at Carol and says, 'Anybody want to go?' She says, 'Sure,' and we pile into the car."

Thus Portman and Shays, who had flown to Florida to protect the interests of George W. Bush, joined Roberts, by far the board's most partisan Gore supporter, for some wee-hours quality time as they searched for Dunkin' Donuts and an all-night gas station that sold cigarettes. What did they talk about? Everything *but* the vote count. Their homes. Their families. Roberts's upcoming vacation—to Burma. "She's an adventure traveler," says the witness.

The camaraderie was partly the result of sleep-deprived punchiness and the general oddity of the situation. But much more importantly, it was part of a carefully calibrated GOP plan to stay on the good side of the all-Democratic board while at the same time discouraging them from engaging in the wholesale vote-creation that was going on in Broward County, just to the south.

It began in chaos, of course. Portman had already been to south Florida once—"I paid for my own ticket and stayed at the Holiday Inn on Route 1," he says—when the Bush campaign asked him to head back south. At about the same time, Shays was at home in Bridgeport when he got a call from House Republican deputy whip Roy Blunt, who told him the party needed observers in Florida, fast. They wanted some moderate Republicans like Shays—no fire-breathers, please—who would take a firsthand look and then tell the press about what they'd seen. Shays jumped on a plane and arrived in Palm Beach about 11:30 P.M.

"No one was there," he says of his arrival at the Emergency Operations Center. "All the satellite trucks were shut down. There was just one, maybe two reporters. The only people who were there were the canvassing board, the county officials, and lawyers on both sides." It looked like a sleepy

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and benign operation, but to Republicans, it was fraught with peril, all the more so because it was happening in the middle of the night.

While the counting was being done in public—there was a camera rolling on the head table nearly continuously—it was such a painstaking operation that it was impossible for outside observers viewing from a distance to discern what was going on. "Everybody was watching," says one GOP official. "But nobody could see what they were doing. You had no idea what they were making as a call for a Gore vote." "I never knew how *small* the chads were," says Shays. "They were designed to be put through a machine, not viewed by the human eye. It was extraordinarily arbitrary." And nobody apart from those at the canvassing-board table could see it.

Even though GOP officials trusted their lawyers at the table, they were still concerned about the possibility of funny business. Making matters worse were the almost hourly progress reports coming out of Broward County. "What was frightening was that Broward was saying, 'Here's where we're at,' so you had Palm Beach in a situation of knowing where the goalposts were," the GOP official continues. "You could see a situation where Carol Roberts would say, 'Gore,' and if she got just one of the others to say, 'Sure!' then that would be it."

REUTERS/Colin Braley

Carol Roberts: off to Burma, thankfully

So the first priority was to keep a close eye on Roberts. And sure enough, there were some touchy moments in the predawn hours. "It was five or six in the morning, when Judge Burton and Theresa LePore were not in the room," Shays recalls. "Carol Roberts just started to open up one of the containers, take out some of the cards, and go through them. At one point, one of the sheriffs came up to her and said, 'You can't do that.'" And she said, 'Yes, I can.' And he said, 'You can't do that unless the other two members of the board are present. Ma'am, you need to close that up right now.' And then she did. Later, I thanked the sheriff and he said, 'If she hadn't closed it up, I would have arrested her.'" (Roberts was not available for comment—off to Burma—but other Republicans in the room confirmed the incident.)

Another element of the GOP plan was to make sure that each questionable moment, no matter how minor, was preserved for history. Republicans had set up shop in a tax preparer's office a few blocks away from the Emergency Operations Center. When an observer came off duty, he or she went back to the office, where, among boxes of takeout from Chick-fil-A, lawyers took sworn statements about any unusual events in the counting room. "Each person was debriefed," the GOP official says. "We took hundreds of affidavits from counters." Some of those affidavits ended up attached to various GOP court filings concerning the unreliability of manual recounts.

But even as they tried to keep Roberts under a microscope, the Republicans worked to forge alliances with the other two members of the canvassing board. "Mark Wallace and John Bolton [the two top Republican lawyers in the room] developed a good rapport with Burton," says a GOP observer. "That was key. Burton realized they were good, honest guys who weren't trying to make the process too hostile." Adds Chris Shays: "Their task was to speak out for the candidate but at the same time not offend the canvassing board. What was the point in getting Burton annoyed?"

As for Theresa LePore, nearly everyone agrees that the designer of the infamous "butterfly ballot" was having just as hard a time as she appeared to be having. Once the Palm Beach brouhaha began, LePore came under savage attack from her fellow Democrats, first for the ballot, and later for her reluctance to give Al Gore every single vote he wanted. "When I sat down, she turned to me and said, 'Welcome to my week from hell,'" recalls Arkansas representative Asa Hutchinson, who visited the counting on Friday, before the final all-nighter. Later, LePore appeared in even worse spirits. "I went up and gave her a hug," Shays recalls. "I just could feel that she was feeling the weight of the world."

And, in the way that instant celebrity works, much of the world wanted to meet her. At times it seemed the Emergency Operations Center had morphed into a headquarters for visiting VIPs. The Republican list included former presidential candidate Bob Dole, senators Kay Bailey Hutchison and Richard Lugar, governors Christie Todd Whitman and Jim Gilmore, as well as Shays, Portman, and Hutchinson. On the Democratic side, there were, among others, Sen. Frank Lautenberg, Reps. Corrine Brown, Sheila Jackson Lee, Harold Ford Jr., Sherrod Brown, Ed Markey, and D.C. delegate Eleanor Holmes Norton.

Simply introducing everybody took lots of time. "In many instances, they were going up to the counting table and interrupting the process," says a GOP observer, "and Burton and Roberts would explain what they were doing." Also, some of the local officials appeared a bit impressed with all the star power—at least, Washington star power—in the room. "When I went in, the stenographer immediately rushed over and wanted my autograph on her steno pad," Asa Hutchinson says. She'd never met an impeachment manager before.

As all that was going on, the minutes ticked away. Remember that Palm Beach missed the counting deadline by just two hours. "A hundred and twenty minutes were chewed up pretty quick," says a GOP observer. "I can reclaim that for you in cigarette breaks and dignitary meetings." Still, it doesn't appear that anyone actually *tried* to drag things out. "I was careful not to slow the process, because I thought it would be a mistake for us to be perceived as slowing the process so they would miss the deadline," says Rob Portman.

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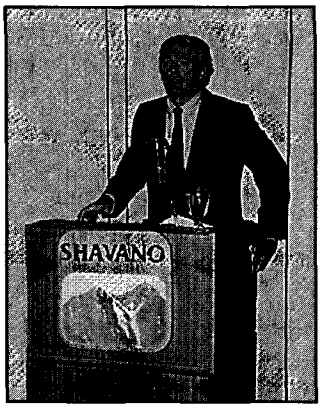
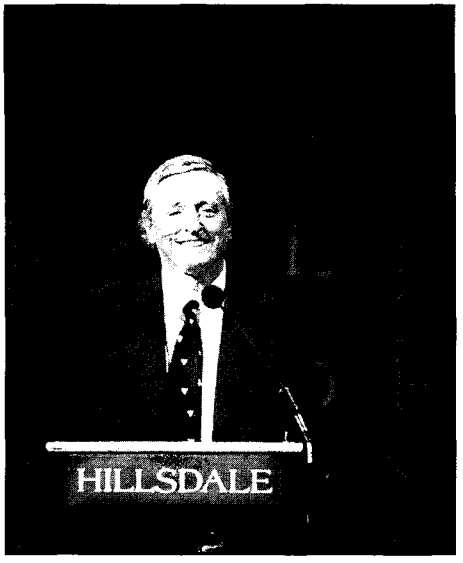
THANK YOU FOR MORE THAN THE MEMORIES

1971



1984

1971-William F. Buckley, Jr. presents the inaugural keynote address and receives the first Hillsdale College Independence Award; **1980**-Mr. Buckley tapes several "Firing Line" sessions on the campus, and speaks in **1984** at a Hillsdale College Shavano seminar on "How Businesses Can Fight Back in the War of Ideas"; **1989**-Mr. Buckley addresses a Shavano audience with his "Reflections on U.S.-Soviet Affairs," and takes part in Hillsdale's **1990** FreedomQuest Fund Campaign videotape; **1992**-Mr. Buckley offers his "Reflections on Current Contentions" at a Shavano Seminar, and speaks in **1994** at the Hillsdale Sesquicentennial Alumni Banquet; **2000**-Mr. Buckley delivers the invocation at the inauguration of Dr. Larry P. Arnn as the twelfth president of Hillsdale College.



1990

2000

"*No man in America today so completely epitomizes the idea of conserving the basic ideals and fundamental truths on which this nation was founded . . . . No man more richly deserves to receive recognition for distinguished service toward conserving the American idea than does William F. Buckley, Jr.*"

Dr. Larry P. Arnn
September 9, 2000

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"And yet, they took an hour and a half, or two hours, off. They were all three exhausted."

But they got through it. When all the counting and schmoozing were done, the board had come up with 215 new "votes" for Al Gore. That was fewer than half the 567 "votes" the vice president gained in Broward, but it was still a significant increase. Clearly, the GOP Nice Campaign was only partially successful; contrary to some press reports that the Palm Beach vote-counters were far more strict than those in Broward, it appears that Burton, Roberts, and LePore did their share of making things up as they went along. "The truth is, depending on the hour of the day or night and depending on the counter, the standard shifted," says Portman. "They *did* count dimples, although not all of them." "I would see what would be considered a dimpled chad," says Asa Hutchinson, "and it would sometimes not be an indentation—it would be an almost imperceptible mark, maybe a fingernail scratch or something that might indicate something pressed upon it. I would look at that and say, 'This is a non-vote,' but it might be cast as a Gore vote."

So in the end, as Hutchinson and the other Republicans learned by hands-on experience, the Democrats ran the show. All the GOP could do was try to limit the damage. And who knows? If they hadn't been there, Carol Roberts, stoked on nicotine and coffee, might have used those early hours of November 26 to find many more invisible-to-the-naked-eye votes for Gore. "By the next morning, all the press showed up," recalls Chris Shays. "I felt that had we not been there, there would have been tremendous opportunity for abuse." **NR**

WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT

NATIONAL REVIEW online

"American conservatives are not accustomed to being called hip, cutting edge, highly personable, communal, and funny, but that is the recipe behind NationalReview.com's secret sauce. . . . NRO succeeds because it is less a zine than it is an online bull session, a living, breathing (dare we say organic and communal?) complement to the print mag's older demographic and bi-weekly cycle. With 12 to 15 short pieces going up throughout the day, it has the feel of a live town square where a dozen or so conservative columnists react to the day's news . . ."

—min's New Media Report

WWW.NATIONALREVIEW.COM

A Trapp Family Christmas

An NR tradition

ALOÏSE BUCKLEY HEATH

ONE of the reasons—I say one of the reasons because I could think of *several* others if I put my mind to it—that I kept on having babies for years after all my classmates were taking turns being president of the Planned Parenthood Association was that I always thought a big family would be such fun at Christmas. Which who doesn't, including people like me, who know? I know why Ben Heath, who is tied to me by the bonds of marriage, has the spirit of Christmas around Thanksgiving and the spirit of Ash Wednesday around Christmas. I keep telling him I know. "I know," I say. "I know. I know. I know."

I know we always get more glitter and glue on the floor than on the candles, and that I never remember to wipe it up until the dining-room carpet (new last January) is permanently (though not uninterestingly, I always think) spangled. I know I look absolutely insane crawling around in the snow for weeks before Christmas, putting candy canes on window sills and then galloping madly off in the dark, jingling sleigh-bells and shouting, "Ho! Ho! Ho!" I know the newsboy would rather have two dollar bills than a $1.95 flashlight wrapped in green paper and silver ribbon with "MERVYN" spelled out in red Scotch tape. I know no one can eat those Cut 'n' Bake cookies after the children have decorated them with green sugar and cinnamon hearts (Christmas trees), and then with more cinnamon hearts and melted marshmallow (Santa Clauses), and then with more melted marshmallow and pink crayon (angels). I know it's un-Gesell and not even altogether Spock to match candid blue eye to candid blue eye with a ten-year-old and say: "But, sweetie, how should *I* know why Polly's Santa Claus is really her father? Maybe her father *has* to be her Santa Claus, poor little thing! Maybe Santa Claus just doesn't *like* Polly. Ever think of that?"

I also know ten children who aren't going to see this issue of NATIONAL REVIEW.

I know all that. What I didn't know till this year was what Ben meant, every Christmastide, when he tossed out, not at all at random, the words "materialistic" and "spiritual." What I always thought he meant was that it would be materialistic for Alison and Betsey and Jennifer and Timothy to get a Chatty Cathy apiece, but spiritual for them to share one. I mean, that's what I thought until one afternoon last week.

A Christmas piece by the late Aloïse Buckley Heath is an NR tradition. This and Mrs. Heath's other Christmas stories are collected in *Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell?* (National Review Books).

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Happy Anniversary NATIONAL REVIEW

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That afternoon they were all in the coat closet (well, they *were,* that's all; they *like* the coat closet) making out their Christmas lists. Pam, who can spell, was helping the ones who can't write; and Alison, who is magic, was helping the ones who can't talk. I had my ear at the crack in the door, listening, because I'm still trying to hear one of those childhood conversations whose innocent candor tears at your heartstrings. You've read about them, I'm sure.

What I heard was my dear little ones calculating how much more each of them would get for Christmas if they didn't have so many brothers and sisters to share the loot. They itemized, giving reasons for their choice, the siblings they would gladly exchange for a hockey stick or an army bugle or a Barbie doll with a different dress for every single day of the week. From what I could hear through the crack, *nobody* kept Buckley and Timothy, which is understandable—let's face it—but not nice.

Then and there I decided (yes, *again*) that there is more to old Ben than meets the eye, and that this Christmas the Heaths would be spiritual. Spiritual *also,* I mean. At my age you can't just cut those old materialistic ways right out of your life. And by coincidence I happened to be reading, at the time, a book called *Around the Year with the Trapp Family.* Actually, I was reading it to find out why the Trapps play the recorder better than we do, a fact which is widely bruited by those who have heard us, though not necessarily the Trapps. It turned out, though, that the Trapp family spends its year not practicing the recorder, as I had hoped, but "Keeping the Feasts and Seasons of the Christian Year," which is, in fact, the subtitle of the book. We plunged into keeping the Christmas Season of the Christian Year like the Trapps. Some of us (me) plunged more enthusiastically than others (Jim, Pam, John, Priscilla, Buckley, Alison, Betsey, Jennifer, Timothy, Janet, and their father).

Certainly some of the things the Trapp family does at Christmas are not entirely suited to the Heath family. I know. I *know.* And some—give me that much—I didn't even try. Like baking the traditional *Spekulatius* on December 6 (St. Nicholas's Day), for instance; or the traditional *Kletzenbrot* on December 21 (St. Thomas's Day); or even the traditional *Lebzelten, Lebkuchen,* Spanish Wind, Marzipan, Rum Balls, Nut *Busserln,* Coconut *Busserln, Stangerln, Pfeffernüsse,* and Plain Cookies on December 23. Especially since the freezer was bulging with all those still Uncut 'n' Unbaked rolls of cookie dough. Nor did I consider for more than one mad moment suggesting that all the children take a nap before Midnight Mass and that their father awaken them by initiating a procession from room to room with a lighted candle, singing "Shepherds Up!" (each verse pitched a half-tone higher than the last), though I think it would be lovely, myself. Maybe when Ben is older . . . mellower . . .

We *did* make an Advent Wreath with four red candles, and it was beautiful; but John and Priscilla are Junior Fire Marshals, and though they said it was all right to hang the wreath from the ceiling on four red ribbons, they wouldn't even *discuss* letting us light the candles after the wreath was hung. Anyway, I know perfectly well that Ben Heath would light off for the South Seas before he would light the candles, stand under the wreath, read the Gospel for the day, and listen to the children sing: "Ye heavens, dew drop from above and rain ye clouds the Just One. . . ." Even if I could get the children to sing it. Are your children *giggly?*

The Trapps say that "Silent Night" should be sung for the first time on Christmas Eve, and I agree with them, and the children agreed with me, which would have been enough to make me abandon the whole idea if I hadn't been so bemused with good will and all. It wasn't till I got the notes from Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miano, Mr. Segar, Mrs. Arnold, Miss Billingham, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Larratt, and Miss Bates that I remembered that the Fourth Form Glee Club Concert, the Grade VII Carol Sing, the Grade VI Christmas Vespers, the Grade III Christmas Play, the Grade II Christmas Chapel, the Grade I Christmas Assembly, the Kindergarten Christmas Program, and the Nursery School Christmas Party (to all of which I have been kindly invited) have three things in common: rehearsals, Heaths, and "Silent Night." *I quite understand,* I wrote Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miano, Mr. Segar, Mrs. Arnold, Miss Billingham, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Larratt, and Miss Bates.

I really didn't see how the *Christkindl* custom could go wrong, though. I *still* don't. In the Trapp family, at the beginning of Advent, everyone writes his name on a piece of paper and the papers are put in a basket, which is passed around as soon as the children have finished singing "Ye heavens, dew drop from above." Everybody picks a name from the basket, and the pickee, if you follow me, becomes the picker's secret *Christkindl,* and the idea is, you do your *Christkindl* a good turn every day until Christmas without letting him know who you are. It sounds simple, spiritual, and also fun, doesn't it? And it works out *beautifully* in the Trapp family. In fact, through Advent until Christmas, the Trapp household resounds with the glad cries of *Christkindlen* who have found their shoes shined, their dollhouses tidied up, or the table already set the day it was their turn. But there *are* a few technical problems that I feel you should know about, just in case you plan to be spiritual next Christmas.

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In our house, the first technical problem was Jim. Jim said he was too old for this kind of thing, and I said, what did he mean, too old: Most of the Trapps are older than he is; and he said, not those dumb kids that sang that dumb Do-Re-Mi song aren't older than he is; and I said, well, if he thought he was too old at 15, what did he think I was?; and he said too old at 42 (*never* tell your children your age), but anyhow, I won, because after all, I'm the one who has to sign his driver-education permission slip—and also, if I didn't drive all over New England every Saturday to see the Kingswood JV wrestle, who would? Then the others said, what about Timothy and Janet? Timothy and Janet were too little to do good turns to their *Christkindlen,* so why should they be anybody else's *Christkindlen*? I said, I *must* say, this didn't sound very much like the spirit of Christmas to *me,* and I would take care of the babies' *Christkindlen* if everyone was so worried, and let's *draw,* for heaven's sake!

So we drew, and five of them drew their own names and Janet ate one, which turned out, after we hit her on the back, to be John. So we made another slip for John (a piece of paper *our* baby has eaten is *distinctive*) and we drew again and eight of them drew their own names. I said, maybe it would work out better if *I* drew a name for each of them, and they said, no *sir,* not and have you know who everybody's *Christkindl* is and comparing what everybody did for their *Christkindlen,* no *sir,* Mother, none of that stuff. Jim and Pam said that if they could have paper and pencil and peace and quiet they could probably work it out by mathematical probabilities, but it was getting pretty late, so I called them up by ages, and before Jim drew I took out his name, and before Pam drew I took out her name and put back Jim's, and so on. (Well, unless I *tell* you, how will you ever know how to do it?)

When we had all drawn (which took far more time to do than to read about, no matter what you're thinking), everybody opened his little slip of paper "at a given signal." That's how the Trapps do it, and that's how we did it. I said: "Everybody ready? One. Two. Three. Open. Well, pick it up and open it *now,* Alison! Everybody does *not* have to fold their paper up again and forget the names they drew. . . . Besides, how could they? . . . Not fold the papers, for heaven's sake; forget the *names!* . . . Well, all right . . . all *right,* I said; *we're starting over.* Everybody ready? One. Ready—Alison, anybody would think you were five and a half. Two. Three. Open. ALISON!!"

So we opened our little slips of paper at a given signal (the Trapps said "a" given signal, after all, not *which*) (what irritates me is that Alison can't even *read!*) and everybody learned the name of his secret—*secret,* mind you—*Christkindl.* This is another uniformly joyful moment in the Trapp family. At this moment in the Heath family, Jim looked up from his slip, glared at John, and groaned. John looked up from his slip, glared at Jim, and made vomiting noises. Priscilla said: "Oh, *Mother,* do I have to have that pest?"

Buckley said: "Mother, how do you think that makes a poor little boy feel to have everybody in this whole absolute world call him a pest every absolute minute?"

Everybody nudged everybody else. "Jim has John. John has Jim. Priscilla has Buckley," they told each other.

The non-readers came running up to find out who their *Christkindlen* were. "Pam," I whispered into Betsey's ear.

"Pam," shrieked Betsey.

"Betsey has Pam," everybody told everybody else.

"Tim-Tim, but don't tell," I whispered into Jennifer's ear.

She flung her arms around Timothy's head. "Tim-Tim, I *know* sumpeen. I *know* sumpeen, Tim-Tim," she roared.

"Jennifer has Timothy," everybody told everybody else. The baby ate her paper again, but it was all right this time: I knew whose name she had eaten. I had arranged for us to draw each other, because we're in love.

A few minutes later they thundered upstairs to homework or bed, and even over the rattling of the window panes I heard the negotiations starting. "Well, then, will you trade Priscilla for Alison and a nickel? For Alison and a dime? For me not hiding your shell collection? For me not hitting you in the stomach as hard as I can?"

Actually, it didn't turn out too badly. After a few days of such good turns as reporting that a *Christkindl* hadn't done his arithmetic because he was going to copy Georgie's before school tomorrow (and he just can't *learn* anything that way, can he, Mother?), or throwing a *Christkindl*'s cherished leather jacket into the washing machine (because it was so absolutely *filthy* he could have got *germs* from it, Mother), or taking the batteries out of a *Christkindl*'s flashlight because she reads under the covers after bedtime (and that's why practically *everybody* practically *constantly* goes blind, isn't it, Mother?), everybody was getting pretty tense, not to mention bloody, until one of them—I haven't asked which—found a solution: Every Sunday now, they each buy seven penny lollipops, and every night they slip a lollipop under their *Christkindl*'s pillow. Well, I *know* that doesn't sound so terribly spiritual, but it's better than what they used to do. What they used to do was steal each other's lollipops.

I wouldn't want anybody to think that my baby and I have sunk to such a mundane relationship, though. We haven't had to change our routine at all. Every morning Janet allows her *Christkindl* to rock her a little; and every evening I rock my *Christkindl* a little. **NR**

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45th ANNIVERSARY *special*

Only Five Years to Gold

This magazine has the delightful habit of celebrating its anniversaries every five years. This year is our 45th, and we marked it with a dinner cruise around Manhattan on October 20. The event was hosted by James L. Buckley, Daniel and Louise Oliver, and Tom Wolfe. Its master of ceremonies was Rush Limbaugh. Various remarks were heard from the podium, of which some are excerpted here.

RUSH LIMBAUGH

THIS evening is not about me, but I would like to inject a little bit of me into it, so as to put this all in perspective.

Now, many of you in this room have worked with Bill Buckley and his staff all of your lives, been very close to him either on a friendship basis or professionally. And when you're around uniqueness and greatness, after a time, no matter what, no matter how appreciative you are, you take it for granted, and you assume that it's just always been that way . . . that's just human nature.

Well, I remember what NATIONAL REVIEW was to me as recently as 1980. I never saw a copy of it anywhere, so I thought you had to be special to be allowed to read it. I never saw it, but I heard people discussing it—but they were the kind of people that never offered me a chance to read it. So I wondered, How can I get my hands on it? since I'm apparently not allowed to subscribe. Well, I got up the courage to call NATIONAL REVIEW in New York—I was working at a radio station in the Kansas City area—and I wasn't going to give them my name so they can't track me down. I actually asked the woman who answered the phone if it would be permissible for me to subscribe. She said, "Of course," and I said, "You don't need any identification from me, you don't need a pedigree?" "No, no." So I became a subscriber, and it literally changed my life.

And it changed my life in this sense: I've always had, because of my parents and my family—I've always believed what I believe now. I rebelled when I was a kid, but not by rejecting the foundational beliefs of my parents. I rebelled in other ways. I told them college wasn't necessary and that I could get where I was going without that, but I never told them that what they believed was wrong. In fact, I was profoundly affected by what they believed, particularly my father, and when I got my hands on NATIONAL REVIEW and was able to read it every two weeks, it enabled me to learn *why* I felt what I felt. It enabled me to learn *why* I thought what I thought. And it enabled me to tell others why. Not just to say what I thought, to express the opinion, but to back it up, to give reasons, reasons that were persuasive, reasons that helped to convince others. And I became armed with the information contained therein, and became confident. And it has never ceased meaning that much to me.

I never in my life dreamed I would be able to do something like this—to be asked to come and emcee and be a featured participant in an anniversary dinner for NATIONAL REVIEW. Remember, when I first thought about NATIONAL REVIEW, I thought I'd be lucky to be allowed to subscribe. And I have met the principals. I've gotten to know them extremely well. This has meant more to me than I am ever able to express. And it's an opportunity that I wish a lot of people had in their lives. . . .

Rush 'n' Bill: 'nuff said.

Henry Kissinger, Pat Buckley, Rush Limbaugh

Bill Rusher at the podium; Msgr. Eugene Clark and WFB huddle.

Tom Wolfe, delighting

TOM WOLFE

THIS reminds me so much of the first NATIONAL REVIEW dinner I attended. It was the 25th anniversary at the Plaza Hotel, and there were 2,500 people in attendance. It was a black-tie event, and I was headed for the ballroom when a reporter came up to me and said, "Mr. Wolfe, would you characterize this as a gathering of the Neoconservative Clan?" And I said "How are you spelling *clan*—with a 'c' or a 'k'?" And he assured me it was with a 'c.' I said, "You know, there are 2,500 people here, most of whom have never laid eyes on each other before, but all of whom have, one way or another, refused to go along with the intellectual line that has prevailed in this country for

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With appreciation, admiration, and respect for your insight, intellectual honesty, and good-humored perspective, we are very pleased to congratulate

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and Ed Capano, Publisher

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the past quarter of a century or more." And I think that really was what we found in that hall, and tonight on this boat. . . .

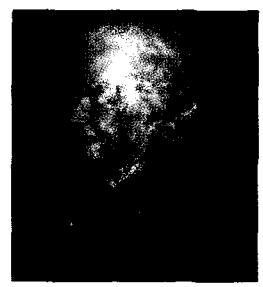
I think it is worthwhile to consider exactly what the movement that Bill Buckley began, and continues to be such a figure in, has really accomplished. I honestly do not think the Reagan years could have occurred without NATIONAL REVIEW, without Bill Buckley. As Rush Limbaugh put it at the very beginning, and I certainly have felt this, you *need* some sort of authority to look to, to validate your feelings, the things that you know in your heart are correct. You need intellectual authority. All of us need some kind of intellectual authority, and this is why I believe the great Reagan years and the impact they had simply could not have been possible without the intellectual framework and the support of such as the people who are in this room tonight. I think we can all count our blessings that NATIONAL REVIEW has reached its 45th year and is still going strong.

Louise and Dan Oliver flank Dr. K.

Jay Nordlinger harangues a patient Jeanne Hauch Tyrrell and David Pryce-Jones.

Brent Bozell and Evan Galbraith

A super-fun couple: Ed and Margie Capano



The elegant and beloved Priscilla Buckley

DANIEL OLIVER

I FOUND NATIONAL REVIEW while I was in the Army. I was a Harvard dropout, studying Russian in Monterey, and like all good Harvard dropouts I read *The New Republic*. One day I came across a small ad (the kind that Ted Stanley knows so well) for a lively magazine. The ad had a quote from a recent issue, about JFK. I sent away for my free copy—and I've been reading NATIONAL REVIEW ever since.

I first met Bill several years later, during his mayoral campaign. . . . I campaigned for Bill that year, and wound up being a candidate myself. I was at the Conservative Party headquarters late one night, after gathering petitions to put Bill on the ballot. Harry Middendorf took a phone call, then slammed down the receiver, looked around the room, and asked, "Who's 21?" I said I was, and Harry said, "You're running for the New York State Assembly seat from West Harlem." I thought about it for a minute—thought primarily about what my father would say: He was, after all, paying my tuition and wouldn't have been keen on the idea of my leaving law school. So I asked Harry, "Will I win?" That takes naïveté to a new level.

I remember one encounter I had while I was out campaigning. A very difficult woman had said something terrible about me, and trying to be polite to her I said, "Madam, that would be like my calling you a Communist."

"But I *am* a Communist," she replied—which reminds me of the libel suit that Linus Pauling brought against NATIONAL REVIEW. . . . Bill and C. D. Williams won that suit, which was a very important victory. Basically, Bill made it possible in the United States to call a fellow traveler a fellow traveler.

[When I was an editor,] my most exciting day at NATIONAL REVIEW was the day we were waiting for a piece by Ronald Reagan on Proposition 1. It was deadline day, and the piece hadn't arrived. General panic. At the very last moment, we received the piece—in the form of a telegram many yards long. I suggested taking a picture of it hanging out Bill's window on the third floor of 150 East 35th Street. But the picture didn't get taken. I decided then that I had more of a flair for photo journalism than Bill had.

In the 1970s you could not meet a practicing conservative who had not been physically touched by Bill—a sort of laying on of hands. They had all been to Stamford for lunch, or had met Bill on their campus when he had come to speak, or seen him somewhere else. He physically touched them all—and they were changed, into members of the conservative movement.

The wells of regeneration are infinitely deep, but to be regenerated, we must drink the water.

I remember a speech Bill gave at Carnegie Hall, at a rally to protest Nikita Khrushchev's visit to the United States. In this speech, Bill said, "The wells of regeneration are infinitely deep." The thought was not original, but the formulation was, and I have remembered it always.

The wells of regeneration are infinitely deep, but to be regenerated, we must drink the water. NATIONAL REVIEW has been an aqueduct that has brought us that water fortnightly for 45 years. And for that we are grateful.

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RICHARD LOWRY

In high school, that awkward time of teenage crushes, I fell in love with a magazine, with NATIONAL REVIEW. I would smuggle it into class during lessons on the quadratic equation. To this day, I have no idea what the quadratic equation is. But I owe NR a great debt, because it taught me how to think and write.

And it's no exaggeration to say the nation is in its debt as well. During the Cold War, that murderers' row of Burnham, Chambers, Kendall, Bozell, Kirk, Hart, Brookhiser, and the Buckleys exposed totalitarian evil and discredited the dreary dreams of socialism. All advocates of ordered liberty in America today stand on their shoulders.

A word on Bill Buckley. We may have, ahem, divergent interests: Bill may not know what a 6-4-3 double play is, I may not know what a Bach partita is; Bill may not know what phat with a "p" means, I may not know what anfractuosity means. But no one in America is blessed with a better employer, and not a day goes by when I'm not honored and grateful to be editing Bill Buckley's magazine. As George W. Bush might say, "Viva NATIONAL REVIEW."

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

RUSH LIMBAUGH, ladies and gentlemen: I wonder what gemstone goes with 45? We passed silver twenty years ago, and I haven't looked up in Yahoo whether rubies and emeralds lie ahead of us or behind.

The figure 45 sounds mincingly incomplete, as though NATIONAL REVIEW had found itself short of wind and couldn't quite make it to the 100-yard line. That's one way to look at it. But another is to look down on 45 years with the perspective of history. Forty-five years took us from the founding of the Republican party to the election of Theodore Roosevelt as vice president. In between was a civil war and the taming of a continent. In 1900 Queen Victoria was preparing to die. Forty-five years later, we had concluded a second world war. Forty-five years ago was when I first met Henry Kissinger. While I'm at it, I read in the opening chapter of a book by Harry Jaffa last night, given to me by Charles Kesler—whose birthday it is today, I raise my glass—that Plato's *Nicomachean Ethics* was written exactly 45 years before his *Laws*.

You can see that I am wanting to be a millionaire. Forty-five years ago, President Eisenhower was preparing to defeat Adlai Stevenson a second time, and this journal was born. It was baptized by its original subscribers. But its confirmation, over the succeeding years, has been done by the men and women who have stood by, encouraging our achievements, forgiving us our delinquencies, and—I can't think of an analogous situation—proffering their advice, but never venturing to suggest, let alone try to dictate, policy.

All of that is a great deal to celebrate.

Our hosts tonight are, as ever, representatives of three American professions. One of them is that of public servant. My brother James Buckley isn't here because, dating way back in the spring, he made an engagement with some penguin or other in the Arctic Circle, where he is always at peace. It has been a unique career, from lawyer, to businessman, to United States senator, to assistant secretary of state, to honorable Justice of the Court of Appeals. He has many legacies, most familiarly, *Buckley* vs. *Valeo*, where he anticipated a belated declaration of the Supreme Court, to the effect that the Constitution permits you to make a gift of any size to NATIONAL REVIEW.

Dan Oliver and Louise Oliver are here as man and woman of affairs. He has of course served as federal trade commissioner, Louise as chairman of the Intercollegiate Studies Institute. Both are active in the Heritage Foundation. Dan has served as an editor at NATIONAL REVIEW. Their patronage is indispensable to us, their friendship, irreplaceable. We owe this evening to them.

Tom Wolfe has been amply introduced. I wrote a little essay about him for the tenth-anniversary issue of my son's magazine, *Forbes FYI*, applauding his skills and singularity. He is the premier man of letters in our world, and yours, and, who knows? Some day, Stockholm's.

It is a great pleasure, and a singular honor, to sit on the affirmative end of Rush Limbaugh. People seated, squirming, at his other end know the severity of the experience. Those of us on the sunny side of Rush Limbaugh have much to be grateful for, and herewith endorse his public appraisal of himself—as the font of American wisdom, learning, and patriotism . . .

WFB greets Bill Kristol, with Elise and Pete du Pont.

Rich Lowry welcomes A. M. Rosenthal, across Gay Crowther and Joseph Donner.

Two rare birds: WFB and Arnold Beichman

Rich Lowry and Paul Weyrich

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CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

TONIGHT was NR's 45th anniversary and, by virtue of that, a great occasion. But it's also another great occasion—the 75th birthday of its Founding Father.

You should know that he resisted a great many entreaties by the publishing arm of NR to turn this evening into a combination Friars Club roast and Vatican beatification ceremony. Dusty [Rhodes] and Ed [Capano] know a fundraising opportunity when they see one.

But he held firm in his refusals. The evening was to be about the magazine, not him. So it was his reticence alone that leaves you tonight going home with taxi fare in your pocket. And, one hopes, with the date you arrived with—family values being paramount at NR.

Nonetheless, Dusty and Ed felt that tonight should not conclude without at least some celebration, even *en passant*, of the Founding Father. And so here I am, the Founding Son, to offer a modest toast.

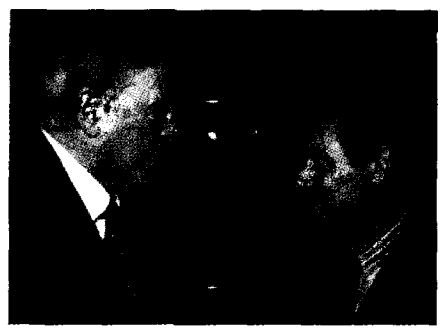
His birthday falls actually on November 24. But it was decided a year ago to hold the party tonight, against the possibility of a Gore victory on November 7, on the grounds that this would give everyone time to move to Paraguay, or some other conservative haven, before we could be billed for Winifred Skinner's prescription drugs.

I was not a math whiz in school, but even someone who had to stand in the back of a classroom, without a desk, at Sarasota High could figure out that if WFB is 75, then in 1955 he was only 30 years old when he founded the magazine whose longevity we celebrate tonight.

He put all his youthful energy into NATIONAL REVIEW. I can attest to that, having laid eyes on him exactly twice between 1955 and 1975. We met for the second time at NATIONAL REVIEW's 20th.

I would ask my mother—who really ought to be acknowledged as NATIONAL REVIEW's Founding *Mother* by virtue of having fed NATIONAL REVIEW's editors every other week for 45 years, and rather well at that—I would ask her, "Mother, where is Founding Father?"

The Founding Son (Chris Buckley) toasts the Founding Father.



WFB and David Pryce-Jones

In the center, Kate O'Beirne; at left, Ingrid Kutsch; at right, Mona Charen.

There's trouble: Roman Genn, Rich Lowry, Ramesh Ponnuru

And she would say, "Founding Father is in Omaha, giving a speech to raise money for that *damned* magazine. Now hush, and eat your broccoli."

So I grew up hating NR. But I learned to love it.

Every time I give my last name, I'm asked, "Are you any relation to . . . ?" I reply with pride: "Yes, I am. Can you upgrade me to business class?"

A lot of people here can also say that they too are related to William F. Buckley Jr. I don't know if you're going to get the upgrade—so far, I haven't.

Tonight we celebrate together 45 years of a magazine and 45 years of his devotion to that magazine. We celebrate his 75 years of indispensability—to his country, family, and friends. Come to think of it, his indispensability to his adversaries. John Kenneth Galbraith would not have made half the witticisms he has if it hadn't been for WFB.

To the conservative movement, he has been a philosophical North Star. To his friends and so many others, he has been a source of abundant—even astounding—personal generosities, a one-man thousand points of light. (I guess one former Bush speechwriter can steal from another.)

With all humility and love, and gratitude to Providence, I salute your Founding Father, and mine.

So let me raise my glass, let's all raise our glasses, if there's anything left in them, in a toast.

The late Malachi Martin once said to me, "Your father is a truly remarkable man. You know, they don't come along *every* century." That was probably one of the most moderate statements Malachi ever uttered.

But I agree with it. It's been an inspiration, an adventure, and one hell of a boat ride.

So with all humility and love, and gratitude to Providence, I salute your Founding Father, and mine, whose birthday we *incidentally* celebrate tonight.

See you at the 50th—and his 80th.

Thank you. **NR**

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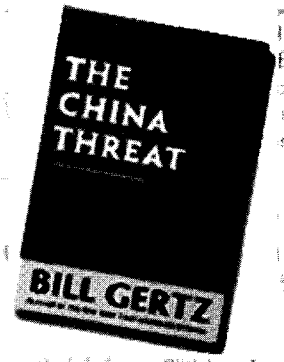

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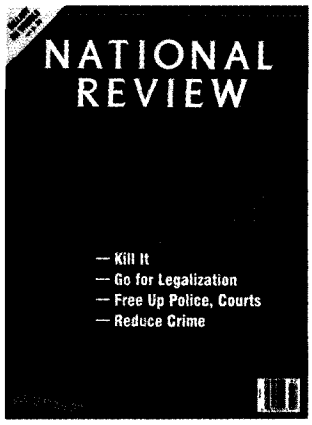
Covers

A sampling from the last five years



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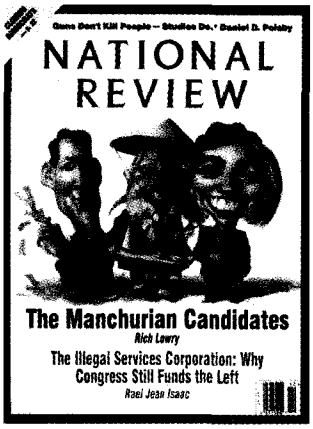
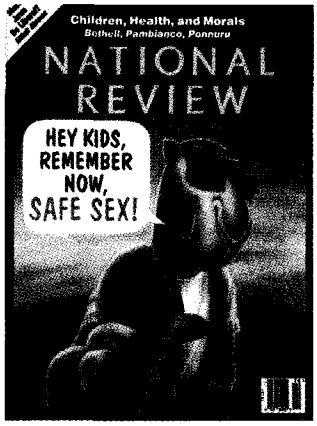

NATIONAL REVIEW
The Manchurian Candidates
Rich Lowry
The Illegal Services Corporation: Why Congress Still Funds the Left
Raoi Jean Isaac

March 24, 1997



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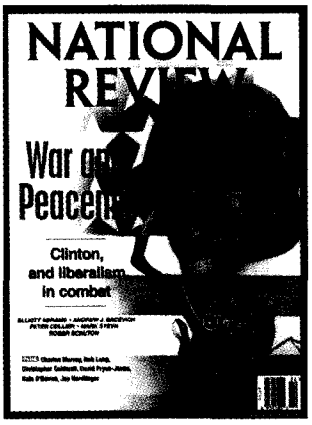

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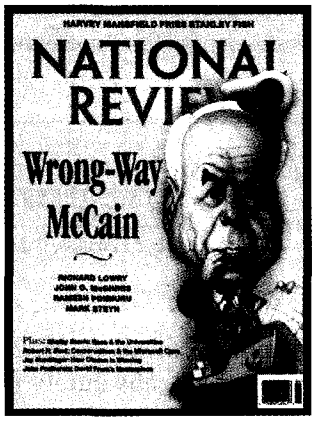

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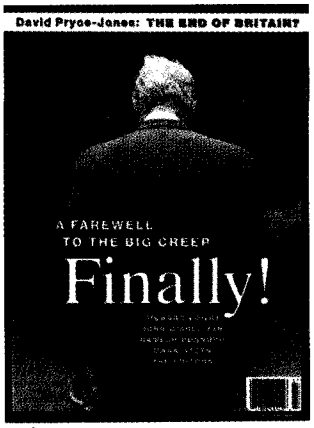

November 20, 2000

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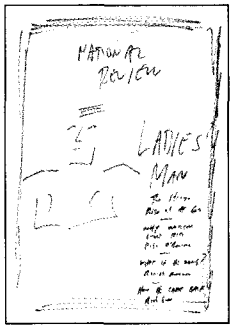
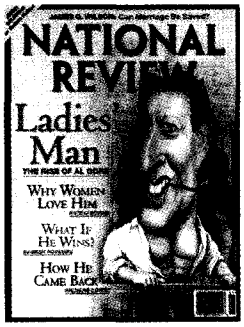


Lowry's version



Kolomytseva's version

How does a NATIONAL REVIEW cover happen? Art director Luba Kolomytseva takes a few scribbles from Rich Lowry's notepad and the vague instruction to "make it look good," and . . . makes it look good.

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Meet Rob, Meet Roman

Behind 'Letter from Al'

ROB LONG

HERE'S how it happened: In early 1993, around the time of Bill Clinton's first inauguration (How young we all seemed! Lying under oath was still a crime! Cell phones were the size of bricks!), I went to Washington to visit a friend. In the corridors of the Mayflower Hotel, during NR's "Conservative Summit," I met John O'Sullivan, then impresario of the magazine. A few months earlier, a mutual friend had suggested we meet, and had volunteered me to write a few articles for NR. As John airily sauntered along the hallway, greeting what would turn out to be the cast and crew of the lurid, over-the-top B-movie called the Clinton Era ("Hi, Newt!" "Hi, Henry!"), he pitched to me an idea.

Rob Long by Roman Genn

"Something like—Hi, Taki—the 'Dear Bill' letters from *Private Eye*," he said. I had no idea what he meant. He shrugged. "You write a letter as Al Gore, or, if you prefer, it can be someone slightly more—Hi, Larry—slightly more consequential, sort of summing up the past two weeks—Hello, Judge—from an insider's perspective." "But I'm an *outsider*," I said. O'Sullivan just smiled. "Then it will be all the easier, dear boy, to make it funny. Hello, Mr. Ambassador . . . "

All that was left was to create a recipient of the letters (we settled on "Rusty," an environmentalist researcher working in the rain forest), teach me how to use e-mail (remember, this was a long, long time ago), and that, for the next seven years, was that.

At first, it was an easy formula: take the political news of the day, distort it slightly, add a little color, some innuendo, type it up, send it off, do it again. The first dozen or two were longish, plot-heavy letters to Rusty. Occasionally, though, I have spiced up the format to include telephone transcripts, e-mails, fundraising letters, and my favorite, psychiatrist's notes. It was fun. But then, like a runaway train, the whole thing started to lurch and screech and emit an appalling smell. Soon I was sitting up into the wee hours, sifting through clips of health-care plans and travel-office firings and Justice Department indictments and bimbo eruptions and cigars and blue dresses and Senate campaigns and Florida recounts, and it was impossible—impossible!—not to take it all personally, as if the entire comic circus of the Clinton-Gore years were designed to prove me inadequate. Because try as I might, I simply could not improve on the news of the day. I could not satirize a farce. Making fun of Al Gore is a little like pouring melted butter on ice cream—I mean, I guess you can do it, but why? No comic writer, no matter how gifted—no Twain, no Swift—could create a more delusional, imbalanced, self-absorbed comic villain than our sitting vice president. It's been hell, let me tell you.

The other week, the vice president stood in front of more American flags than I have ever seen in any place other than a used-car lot on Fourth of July weekend, and spoke to the nation in that tilty, lispy, middle-school-principal voice of his, and my spirit broke. I concede, Mr. Vice President. After eight years, I'm throwing in the towel. I can do many things, sir, but I cannot mock a clown. **NR**

From Russia with Love

ABOUT ROMAN GENN

IT was March 1997, and NR's "Manchurian Candidates" cover, poking fun at Bill, Al, and Hillary's zeal in fundraising from Chinese nationals, had enraged the ethnic-grievance industry. Protesters ranted outside our offices in New York and Washington; hundreds of letters poured in; the editor was surrounded by a mob at Yale. But Roman Genn, the artist behind the cover, remained philosophical. "I think that's fine," he told a reporter. "Their job is to get ticked off at cartoons, and my job is to draw them. We're all doing our jobs."

Genn has been doing his job for NR since 1994, skewering the high and mighty with his spot-on caricatures. And while his work for the magazine has brought him notoriety, his knack for cartooning—and his coolness under fire—have been on display since he was a

Self-portrait by Roman Genn

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five-year-old cutup in Moscow. "I wasn't interested in anything the teachers had to say, so I just wasted all my time drawing my school buddies and insulting them," says Genn, now 28. "I'd draw teachers so my buddies could laugh. But then I'd get in trouble, and end up having to clean the toilets."

At Communist youth camp, he entered competitions for drawing propaganda posters. "I was collaborating with the regime," he reflects ruefully. Not that he had any affection for Communism. As a teenager in the late '80s, he began selling his antigovernment cartoons to American tourists on street corners, attracting the notice of the authorities. He was arrested eleven times for his pictures, and was jailed overnight for lampooning a Kremlin politician. The interior ministry searched his apartment. On one occasion, the police came for him during a class at Moscow Art College, sirens blaring.

In 1989—when he was arrested nine times—*Pravda* (yes, *Pravda*) ran one of his drawings. "It was funny, because when the cops would harass me, I'd show them that I was published by *Pravda*; they'd leave me alone for a while."

A turning point came in 1990, when a Los Angeles public-television producer came across Roman and filmed a segment about his work. The following year, with the help of an L.A. synagogue, Roman and his mother emigrated to the United States. Settling in Pasadena, he learned English by watching John Wayne movies. In 1994, his agent sent a submission to NR. "You guys went for it," Roman says, "suckers that you were."

Roman also contributes regularly to the *Los Angeles Times* and the *Washington Post*. He confesses he is saddened by the imminent departure of Bill Clinton: "He's going and we're crying." Of course, as a caricaturist, he has his own priorities. Whom does he prefer between Bush and Gore? "Let the man with the biggest nose win!"

The "Manchurian Candidates" cover remains his favorite. "I loved it," he says. "Remember, they marched in front of your offices, not my apartment." He pauses, perhaps contemplating future covers, then adds, "Don't put my address in this article." —*Cristopher Rapp*

Our Gang

JAY NORDLINGER

'WRITE something light, witty, and charming about the staff—and keep it real short." Those are my instructions. So would you like to hear something l, w, and c about the staff—"real short"? Okay, here it is.

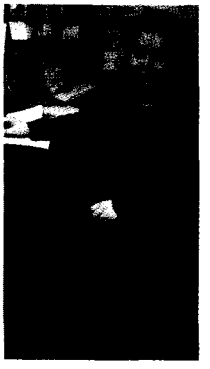
I'll take a little mental tour of the office, or at least the editorial side of it (as distinct from the business side, which makes corporate America shake). In the office next to mine is Kathryn Lopez, associate editor, a native New Yorker. She was graduated from the Dominican Academy on the Upper East Side, and there she was named "All Dominican Girl." Boy, does she rue the day she let that one slip. Some of us refer to her as "Kathryn Lopez, ADG," which she hates. Too bad.

Then we have Michael Potemra, deputy managing editor, who knows all things literary, and all things everything. I first met Mike in 1986; I thought he knew everything then; strangely, he knows even more now.

Next to him is Chris McEvoy, production editor, who is super-competent (*omni*competent, actually), a Mets fan, and the father of two of the most adorable girls in creation, Abby and Jilly (can you stand it?). Next to *him* is another Chris, or Cris, rather, Cris Rapp, an associate editor. We call out "Cris Rapp!" or "Chris Mac!" to keep things straight. Cris Rapp is from Palm Beach, Fla., but for some reason he has been unable to secure the election for Bush—at this writing, at least.

Then there's Dorothy McCartney—yes, *that* Dorothy McCartney, our executive editor. For years, we saw her name roll down as part of the closing credits of *Firing Line*. When I first met her, I mentioned she was famous for this reason, and she denied it, but then she remembered this: "I was in a bank one time, out in Long Island, and the teller said, 'Are you *the* Dorothy McCartney?'" The teller, too, knew Dorothy from *Firing Line*—just like the rest of America.

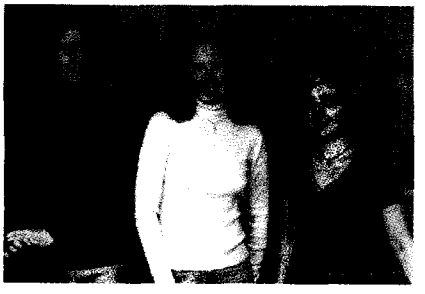
Around the editorial table, every other Monday (pretty much)



Kathryn Jean Lopez

Julie Crane, and her handy row of reference books

Cris Rapp, Chris McEvoy, Mike Potemra



Jessica Kelsey, Elizabeth Fitton, Luba Kolomytseva

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In the "art room" are Jessica Kelsey, our half-French (and engaged) web master, and Luba Kolomytseva, our art director, who is from Ukraine, and who is one of three native Russian speakers at NR (the others being Galina Veygman and Irina Dynkevich of the accounting department). (With illustrator/caricaturist Roman Genn, we're a regular *Literaturnaya Gazeta* around here.)

Outside Rich Lowry's office is Elizabeth Fitton, a delightful and invaluable editorial associate, and inside Rich Lowry's office is Rich Lowry, NR's editor and once the terror of Arlington, Va.'s Little League. Rich often takes phantom swings with a baseball bat, which look about as good as my phantom swings with a golf club, which doesn't bode well for Rich's batting average. (Just kidding.)

In our library is John Virtes, NR's research director, whose diligence and steadiness are wonders of nature. Nearby is associate editor Julie Crane, a formidable opinionist and a walking *Fowler's*. Also nearby is senior editor Linda Bridges, who thinks Olympian thoughts, performs Olympian tasks, and stays in close touch with Mt. Olympus itself (which is to say, WFB's home offices).

Down in Soho is literary editor Adam Bellow, who generally works from his home there, but who comes in every week or so to share his wisdom and good cheer, and to wade through the small mountains of books wanting to be reviewed. (The bad ones should hope that they're not.)

Travel now to our Washington bureau, where we find—cozy next to a fireplace—Kate O'Beirne: conservative star, TV star, our star. Some people think her the nicest person in Washington, which is not as slight a compliment as you may think. Working alongside her is Ramesh Ponnuru, scourge of the Democratic party, and sometime (and necessary) scourge of the Republican party. Also John Miller, another brilliant scourge. And Melissa Seckora, yet another.

This very month—December 2000—the reporter Byron York joined us in our Washington office. Still another brilliant scourge? Oh, yes.

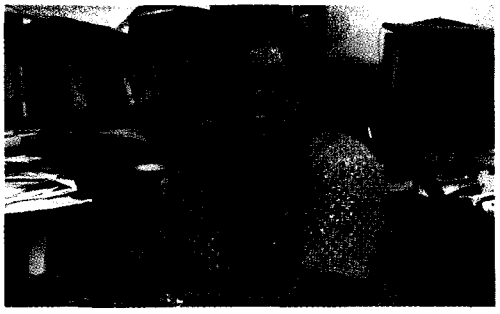
Back up to New York for a second. To do some heavy editorial lifting, in comes Rick Brookhiser, who first contributed to NR at age 14. What's he been doing lately? Not much: He writes for us, has a biweekly (and fantastically mordant) column in the *New York Observer*, is at work on his sixth book (a biography of the Adamses—not Gomez, Morticia, and them, but the second president, his son, the sixth, and so on), is filming a documentary on George Washington, etc., etc.

Also lifting the editorial load is Professor Jeffrey Hart. Now retired from Dartmouth, this astounding man is said to have been the most popular professor in the Ivy League. He is certainly the most popular professor around NR's editorial table. I have often remarked, "Jeff, I should be paying you tuition." He has been nice enough *not* to respond, "Then why don't you?"

Another senior editor from whom learning, and experience, ooze is David Pryce-Jones, who is wrapping up his 22nd book—a novel, to go with his nine other novels, which occupy many feet of shelf space with his volumes of criticism, history, biography, and reporting. To be able to call on David . . . well, it seems almost unfair to other magazines.

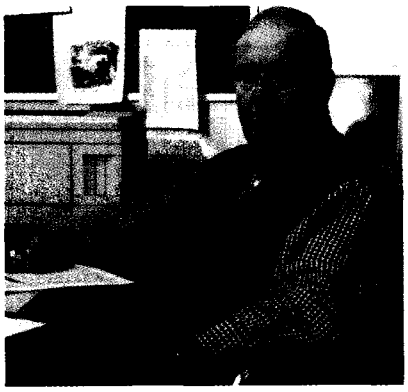
Needless to say, we feel very, very lucky to have our gang. And we know that you, gracious readers, do too. **NR**

Rick Brookhiser, and a bit of Botticelli

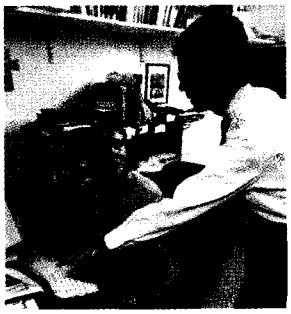


If Linda Bridges doesn't know, no one knows.

A Fab Four: John Miller, Ramesh Ponnuru, Kate O'Beirne, and Melissa Seckora



Professor Jeffrey Hart



Dorothy McCartney and John Virtes

Rich Lowry, kickin' back

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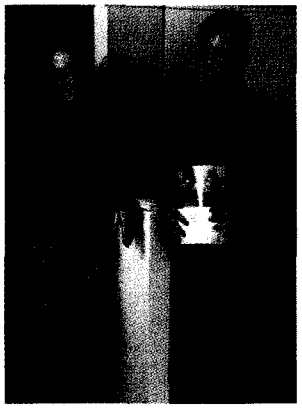


Circulation maestros Terry Maloney and Jason Ng

Frances Bronson: Londoner, New Yorker, legend

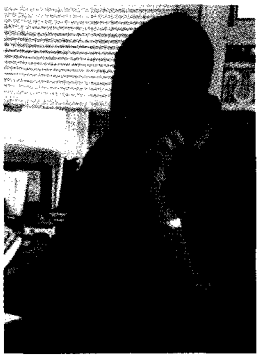
NR veteran Rose Flynn DeMaio

Alex Batey runs a smooth operation.

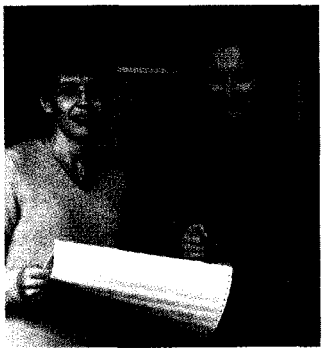
Barbara Nowack

Vicki Manca, Queens's, and NR's, finest

Two New York landmarks (the other is CFO Jim Kilbridge)



The one and only, Tony Savage



Galina Veygman and Irina Dynkevich

Kevin Longstreet and Jack Fowler: very cool

Business is as bright as Ed Capano's expression.

Dusty Rhodes, a-movin' and a-shakin'

Three make a juggernaut: Scott Budd, Liz Capano, and Todd Westover

Photograph of Washington, D.C., staff, p. 58, by Charles Anderson. All other 45th Anniversary Special photography by Grant LeDuc.

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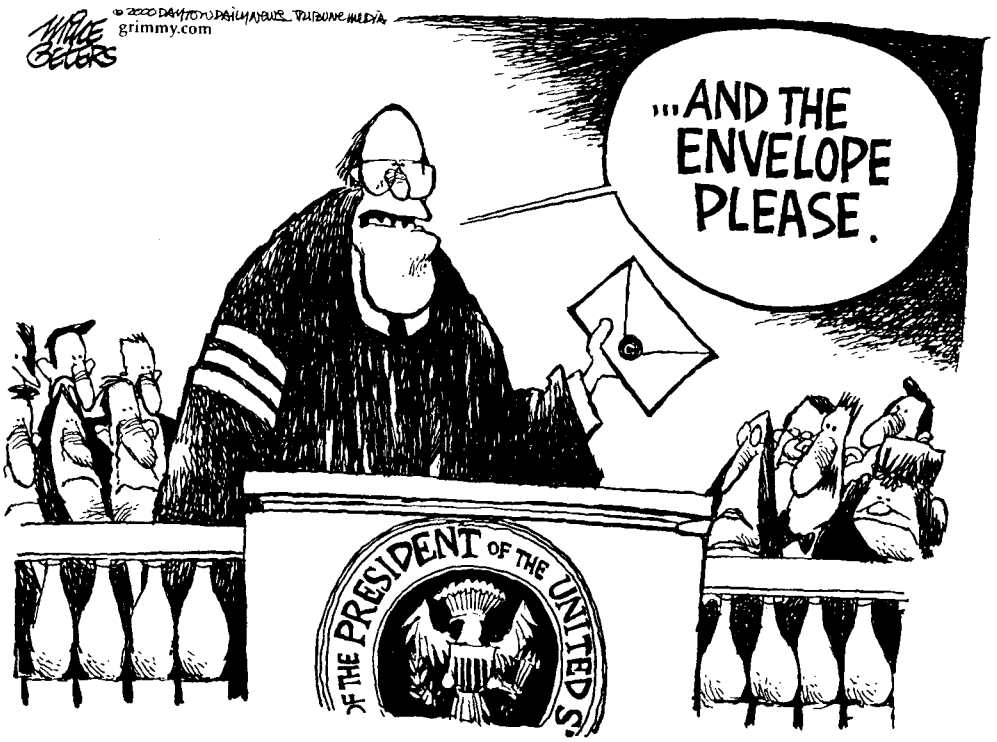
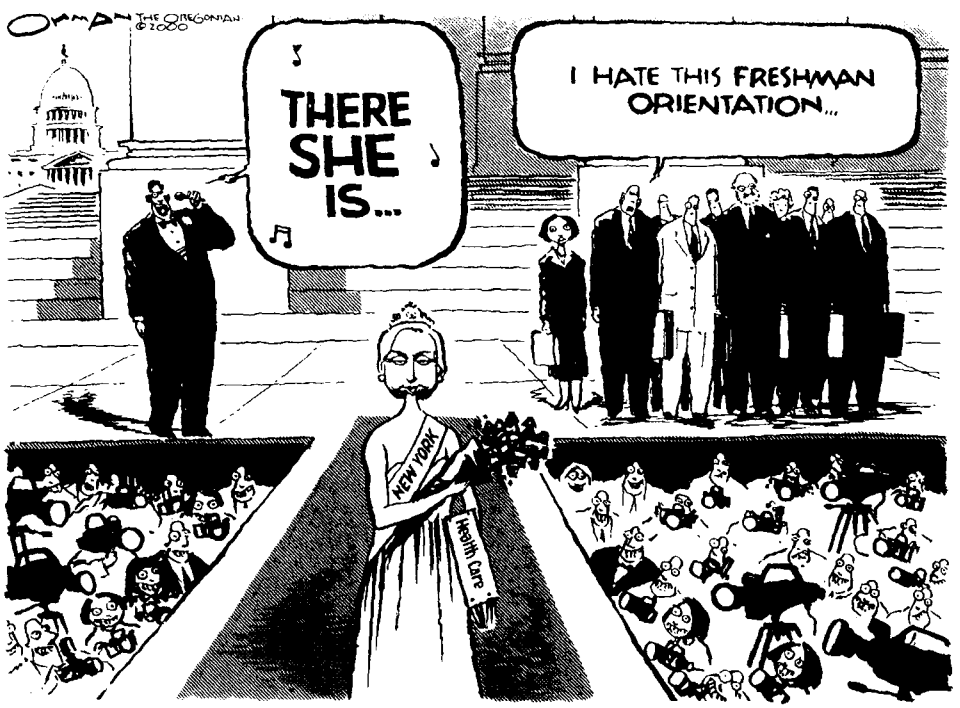
HELP





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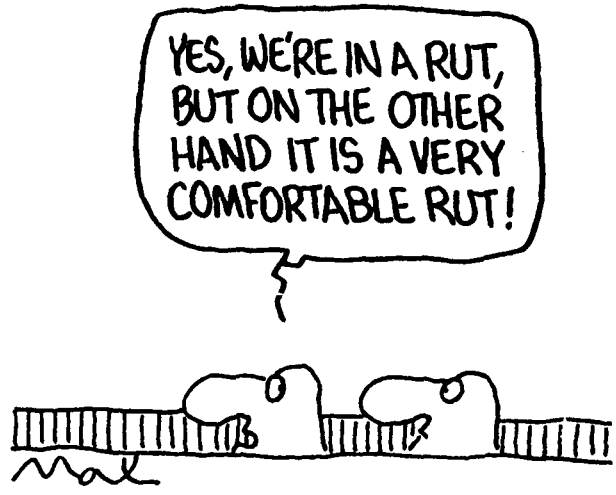
"Have I been a good little girl? Well, I guess that depends on your frame of reference."



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DOCUMENT EXTRACT:
BLACKBERRY E-MAIL INTERCEPT
12/8/00 13:45

TO: AlGore2000@aol.com
FROM: Boies@litigation.com
SUBJ: Case status

Sir: We've lost the absentee-ballots cases in both counties. Only hope now is a Florida supreme-court decision overturning Sanders Sauls. In that case, they will appeal to Supreme Court of the U.S., which will probably overturn Florida. Boies.

TO: Boies@litigation.com
FROM: AlGore2000@aol.com
RE: SUBJ: Case status

David: Assume that SCOFLA overturns and recounts begin. Assume that SCOTUS stays recount and overturns SCOFLA. Then what? Al.

TO: AlGore2000@aol.com
FROM: Boies@litigation.com
RE: RE: SUBJ: Case status
Sir: Then it's over. Highest court in the land, etc. Boies.

TO: Boies@litigation.com
FROM: AlGore2000@aol.com
RE: RE: RE: SUBJ: Case status

Boies: Investigate possibility of taking this to International Court of Justice in The Hague. Just had e-mail from Jan van der Hoek, of Schijvendaal, van der Hoek, and Gelukkig, and he says that under Section L of the International Charter of Nations, a dimpled or otherwise slightly elevated chad might constitute a legal vote.

TO: AlGore2000@aol.com
FROM: Boies@litigation.com
RE: RE: RE: RE: SUBJ: Case status

Sir: My wife has something she calls an "aromatherapy candle." What you do is light this candle and it emits a very pleasant lavender scent, and you sit in a hot tub for a while. She finds it very soothing, sir. Perhaps you should do that before attempting to file suit in The Hague. Boies.

TO: Boies@litigation.com
FROM: AlGore2000@aol.com
RE: RE: RE: RE: RE: SUBJ: Case status

Treason, Boies? Don't cross over to the other side now, my friend, just when victory is in my grasp. There's going to be a "settling scores" time when Judge Volendaam rules in my favor and I wouldn't want any of my loyal friends to be caught in the crossfire. Get me?

TO: AlGore2000@aol.com
FROM: Boies@litigation.com
RE: RE: RE: RE: RE: RE: SUBJ: Case status

Sir, in my legal opinion, and I think in the legal opinion of any competent legal scholar, the International Court in The Hague has no authority in this matter. Unless, of course, you intend to enforce it with some kind of U.N. peacekeeping force. I'm sorry for being sarcastic, but I really think it may be time to work on that concession speech. Boies.

TO: Boies@litigation.com
FROM: AlGore2000@aol.com
RE: RE: RE: RE: RE: RE: RE: SUBJ: Case status

Boies, you disappoint me. It will be a shame to see you swinging from the gallows the day after inauguration. You bore me, Boies. You bore me with your tiny mind and your constant small-picture nitpicking. And so, begone! I shall repair to my island hideaway and gather my case before the International Court, and then, Boies, then, I shall return triumphant to rule the country that humiliated and shunned me.

TO: AlGore2000@aol.com
FROM: Boies@litigation.com
RE: RE: RE: RE: RE: RE: RE: RE: SUBJ: Case status

Sir, I've taken the liberty of sending you one of those candles. Please, sir, I beg of you. Light it. Soak in a hot tub. Boies.

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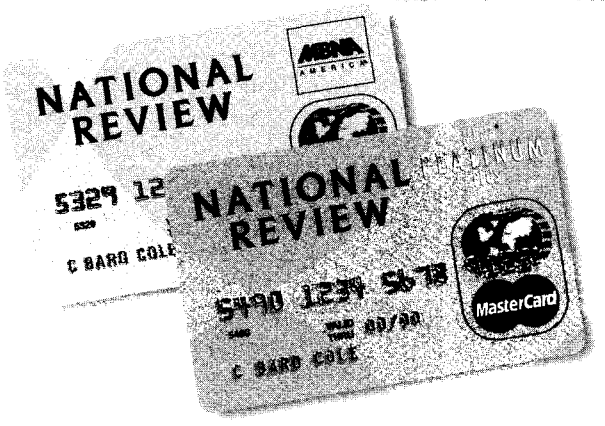

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Address | Mother's maiden name (for security purposes)

City | State | ZIP | Monthly housing payments $, | Are you: ☐ Homeowner ☐ Renter ☐ Other

Home phone ( ) - | Business phone ( ) -

Your annual salary $,

Employer | Position‡‡ _____ | Years there | Other income‡ + $,

‡‡If student, please specify the name of your school and year of graduation.

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X _____ Date / /

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Grace period for repayment of balance for purchases	At least 25 days, if each month, we receive payment in full of your New Balance Total by the Payment Due Date.
Method of computing the balance for purchases	Average Daily Balance (including new transactions).
Transaction fees for cash advances and fees for paying late or exceeding the credit limit	Transaction fee for Bank and ATM cash advances: 2% of each cash advance (minimum $2). Transaction fee for credit card cash advance checks: 2% of each cash advance (minimum $2, maximum $25). Late-payment fee: $29. Over-the-credit- limit fee: $29.
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Goodbye to All That?

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

The Abolition of Britain: From Winston Churchill to Princess Diana, by Peter Hitchens (Encounter, 332 pp., $22.95)

BACK in the 1970s I spent two very pleasant months lecturing to American audiences on the British disease, making their flesh creep about the unconstitutional power of labor unions, the misdirection of investment by government, over-manning in British factories, the punitive levels of taxation, and many other social and economic ills. Americans were curious about these symptoms because British social democracy was seen by liberals as a "future that works" (to quote a book by the then London correspondent of the *Washington Post*, Bernard Nossiter) and consequently by conservatives as an awful warning about socialism.

The "awful warning" school seemed to have won this debate decisively when the social-democratic model collapsed in strikes and disorder in 1979's winter of discontent. Conservatives were further fortified when Margaret Thatcher revived the economy, restored the nation's military power, helped Reagan to win the Cold War, and generally gave the Brits their national self-confidence back.

Even under Tony Blair's New Labour government today, Britain looks more successful than the rest of Europe. Its economy, based on a deregulated labor market on the American model, is enjoying a long, stable boom. Thanks in part to exchange-rate fluctuations, it is now the fourth-largest economy in the world. British foreign policy—globally minded, generally aligned with Washington, and backed by small but

Tony Blair
by Roman Genn

efficient armed forces—has enjoyed marked successes in the Gulf War, Kosovo, and Sierra Leone. Britain still wields disproportionate cultural influence through such bodies as the BBC World Service. And any recent tourist will confirm that the country has a high sheen of prosperity—London in particular seems to be holding a permanent fiesta—dating from a boom that began on "Black Wednesday" 1992, when the pound was forced off its fixed European exchange rate.

All these triumphs can be plausibly traced to the Thatcher reforms of the '80s. And they should presumably hearten conservatives. Yet along comes Peter Hitchens, a brilliant journalist of impeccable conservative opinions, to cast doubt on this success story by drawing attention to different aspects of British life, and painting a much darker picture of cultural decline and political perversity.

Note the title of Hitchens's book: He is writing not about the mere decline of Britain, nor even of its fall, but about its very abolition. That is a slightly different proposition from the economic disaster that seemed to threaten in the 1970s. It implies that someone is deliberately helping the process along. And as Hitchens describes it, the abolition of Britain is the result of three distinct but mutually reinforcing developments: There is, first, the ongoing deconstruction of the British Constitution (yes, there is such a thing and it is actually written too—just not all written in the same place) by the reforms of the Blair government, which, among other things, have abolished the House of Lords and established regional parliaments in Wales and Scotland; second, the eradication (by successive governments) of the familiar landmarks of everyday life, from England's traditional weights and measures to the red telephone boxes in London; and, finally, the transformation of the population from a gentle, law-abiding, and reticent people into a crude and sentimental mob as a result of educational failure and a brutalized popular culture. None of these occurred spontaneously; they were all in varying degrees the result of decisions by political or cultural bureaucrats; they have all had destructive consequences; and taken together, they have abolished "one of the happiest, fairest, and kindest societies that ever existed in this imperfect world" and put in its place a postmodern wasteland.

It is a cry from a patriotic heart, powerfully felt, beautifully written, and brilliantly argued. Chapter by chapter, the author takes us through this progressive rake's progress. He outlines the dumbing-down (long before the term was invented) of British education under the impact of progressive teaching methods; the concreting-over of rural England as a result of "planning"; the rewriting of history to replace pride in the nation's past with a fashionable racial guilt; the hollowing-out of Anglican Christian belief (and the beautiful liturgy in which it was expressed) by prelates who pre-

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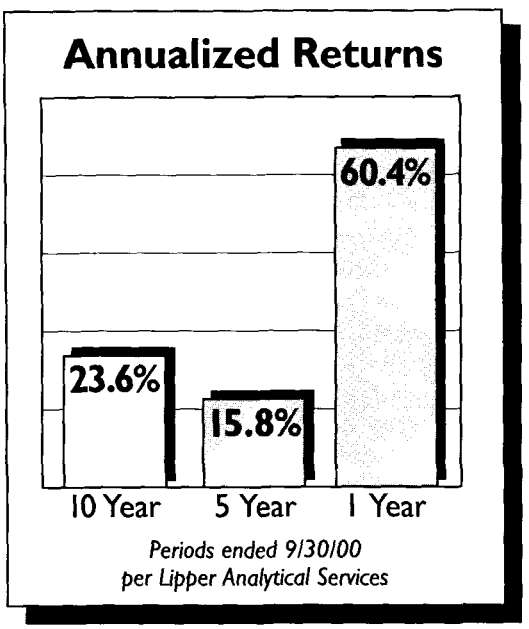

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ferred the options of politics to the certainties of faith; the spread of a welfarist mentality that undermined thrift, encouraged illegitimacy, and promoted dependency; the undermining of sexual reticence by an increasingly vulgar popular culture (spread, ironically, by the BBC that had previously upheld very severe moral standards; for instance, by firing employees who got a divorce); and the savaging of a self-deprecating patriotism by incessant mockery so that it sometimes seemed, in the late Desmond Donnelly's phrase, that "Britain would sink giggling into the sea."

Most people who lived through these changes, which occurred gradually and separately, did not grasp their cumulative impact. It was the strikes of the 1970s and the political upheavals of the 1980s—both of which directly threatened the nation's constitutional stability—that grabbed the headlines and occupied imaginations. Then British people of a slightly older generation, say those aged 40 and above, awoke one day in the 1990s and found themselves living in a foreign country.

Hitchens captures this feeling with two ingenious literary devices. He compares the 1965 funeral of Winston Churchill—dignified, solemn, restrained, and evoking an equally restrained mourning from the British people—with that of Princess Diana, which was showy in its sentimental grief and which aroused what Mark Steyn called "aggressive empathy" in the mourners—aggressive, that is, towards the Royal Family and anyone else whose upper lip failed to tremble on cue. Two different nations were revealed by these obsequies, and the surviving members of the first nation felt alien and even threatened during the Dianamania.

■

Hitchens identifies several stages in the national decline that, sometimes subtly, knocked the moral stuffing out of the British people.

■

What, however, of the second nation? Hitchens tries to imagine what a young woman laying flowers at Diana's shrine outside Buckingham Palace would have felt if she had been magically transported to the London of 1965. Her constant surprise—at the number of people smoking unashamedly in the streets, at the sobriety of dress and manners, at the common masculine practice of whistling, at the "ladies only" compartments in trains—is a measure of how much Britain has changed in ways large and small, but mainly in ways cultural and social.

The political aspects of the abolition of Britain, such as Blair's establishment of local parliaments in Scotland and Wales, are relatively recent developments. They would have seemed eccentric and even extreme 35 years ago. It required the cultural transformation of the people, including the erosion of their pride in Britain and its institutions, to soften them up for the disuniting of the country and its absorption in a federal Europe. Thus Blair shrewdly enlisted Princess Diana's corpse in his campaign to "modernize" Britain—as the "People's Princess" she usefully established that even blue blood and royal status could be turned into weapons against the "establishment."

How did all this come about? Threaded through Hitchens's examples is the argument that all this handiwork was the delayed working-out of a radical English revolution frustrated by the Restoration of Charles II, the 1688 "Glorious Revolution," and a Whig Settlement that enabled a precapitalist aristocracy to survive into democratic times. For radicals, that aristocratic survival was itself proof that Britain was not truly democratic. They took to dismissing Britain and distinctive British institutions such as parliamentary sovereignty as "the *ancien régime*." The country was, it seems, a reproach to frustrated revolutionaries because, like an America writ small, it was a nation whose very existence denied their radical theories. As Hitchens puts it: "We are not modern politically but we have successfully modernized our economy again and again. We have a class system and snobbery, yet there is no bar to talent. We are Christian, but we do not seek to make windows into men's souls. We are conservative, yet tolerant, capitalist, yet blessed with a social conscience."

What kept radical critics at bay until recently was national success. It was hard to sneer persuasively at a small offshore island that had invented the Industrial Revolution, become the workshop of the world, defeated Napoleon when he dominated the whole of Europe, abolished the international slave trade, and created an empire on which the sun never set. What has given radical critics influence in the last 50 years is national decline.

Hitchens identifies several stages in

Hulton-Deutsch Collection

Then: Mourners waiting in line at Winston Churchill's grave in Bladon, Oxfordshire, on the day of his funeral, Jan. 30, 1965

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this decline that, sometimes subtly, knocked the moral stuffing out of the British people. Most of them are familiar (and persuasive) enough: the nation's dependence on U.S. economic and military support from 1940 onwards; the Suez debacle; the prolonged retreat from empire; the spiraling decline of the British economy in the '60s and '70s; and so on. But two will surprise some readers.

Hitchens suggests that the "occupation" of Britain from 1942 to 1944 by 2 million young American soldiers preparing to invade Europe undermined national morale. "Overpaid, oversexed, and over here," these buoyant young men reminded the natives of just how cramped, austere, and pinched British life had become after three years of war. Their modern and democratic ways, familiar from the cinema, made Britain seem outdated and unstylish. And they embodied the geopolitical reality that America had replaced Britain as the leading democratic power in world politics. What made these natural resentments still harder to bear was that they could not be expressed (or even admitted to oneself) about friendly young men who were also gallant allies. All the same, they began the quiet sapping of the nation's morale.

There is some truth in this, but Hitchens exaggerates its significance. After all, the Germans were defeated and occupied by the Allies in an entirely nonmetaphorical way; but that did not prevent their recovering to great-power status within two decades. Britain continued to decline after the war because it imposed heavy burdens of tax and regulation on an economy already weakened by wartime statism. Economic growth and opportunity would soon have left wartime resentments behind and forgotten.

Which brings us to his second unexpected scapegoat, namely Thatcherism. Hitchens sees it as a rationalizing capitalist gale that swept away the traditional institutions and protective social customs of British life. These institutions were mainly Tory, such as the professions, but they also included the labor unions that had helped preserve the male working-class world against feminism and cheap female labor. Once Mrs. Thatcher had cleared the ground,

Peter Turnley/Corbis

Now: A handful of the millions lining the streets of London to mourn the death of Princess Diana, Sept. 6, 1997

the argument goes, the radicals came in to build their prefabricated political structures and to instill their egalitarian doctrines. She left a society far bleaker and with less variety, if more prosperous, than the one she had inherited.

But this argument meets three broad objections. First, every single social ill listed by Hitchens was well advanced by 1979, when Mrs. Thatcher entered Downing Street. So Thatcherism could hardly have caused them; its only guilt would be for not making the reform of the welfare state a higher priority than saving the British economy and defeating the Soviet Union—a critique that can itself be questioned. Second, Mrs. Thatcher did not initiate institutional reform in British politics; it had been the fashion since the 1960s. Earlier prime ministers had done such things as abolishing England's traditional counties for the sake of institutional neatness or bureaucratic convenience. Hers differed from previous governments in that the institutions she reformed were corrupt, money-losing, or oppressive—notably, the nationalized industries and labor unions. Male employment that depended on permanent subsidies could hardly sustain either masculine pride or income for very long. And, third, there really was no alternative to market reforms. Those conservative statists such as the philosopher John Gray, who seek to protect settled ways of life against market competition, can offer only temporary relief. Barriers to trade gradually impoverish their beneficiaries to the point where they finally demand economic renewal. That is exactly what happened between 1979 and the mid '80s. But the people then have to adapt to economic change not in gradual installments but in a compressed and convulsive form. The result is much more unsettling (and much less conservative) than gradual adaptation to world markets.

A final qualification to Hitchens's thesis must be that his picture of the decline of Britain's culture, though broadly correct, is a tad too pessimistic. To be sure, the schools are worse, television much more sexually vulgar, the newspapers dumbed down, and the general tone of British life coarser. But Britain still has world-class universities; it has been enjoying a golden age of drama in the last 40 years with playwrights like Tom Stoppard, Peter Nichols, and Harold Pinter; as the Falklands War showed, patriotic feeling has survived the well-bred sneering directed at it; and many Brits remain reserved and polite. Blair has succeeded in pushing through his constitutional changes largely because the voters, sedated by prosperity, were not paying attention. They are likely to wake up if the reforms go wrong.

Where does this leave us?

Bernard Shaw once began a BBC

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radio talk in the 1930s with the words: "People often ask me: Is Britain heading straight for disaster? That is a question I can easily answer: Britain is not heading straight for anything!"

And that also applies to the Britain that since 1979 has been heading out of the economic mire. Economic and cultural changes can go in different directions for a while. And in the last 20 years, while British factory managers were increasing productivity, teachers have been inculcating bad history and clumsy syntax. Eventually, however, one tendency will prevail over the other. Either the schools will produce graduates so ill-prepared that the economy will gradually seize up, or economic success will make the radical ideologies of national failure and injustice look neurotic and implausible, and their influence on national culture will wane.

Neither in Britain nor in America (where almost all the ills described by Hitchens are to be found in local forms) is it foreordained that we will make the correct choices. It took a lot of hard thinking to defeat Marxian economics, and if postmodern ethics, deconstructionist philosophy, and constitutional project-mongering are to be beaten back too, that will require at least as much moral and intellectual effort. But it is not foreordained that we will make the wrong choices either, as Hitchens sometimes seems to believe in the grand sweeping pessimism of his fine jeremiad.

Let him take some comfort from his own passion. If he can so plainly love the nation whose weaknesses and follies he unsparingly chronicles, does that not itself suggest that Britain has a core of identity that cannot be reshaped by some modernizing project, that it can draw on reserves of patriotism and loyalty that currently lie fallow and unsuspected, and that it is therefore unlikely to be abolished by a facile political contortionist like Blair and his new model bureaucracy?

As usual, Kipling put it best:

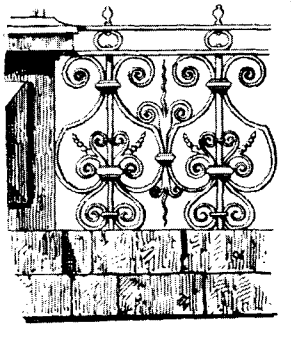
If England was what England seems,
An' not the England of our dreams,
But only putty, brass, an' paint,
'Ow quick we'd drop her! But she ain't! **NR**

Patriot in Gray

JAY WINIK

Jefferson Davis, American, by William J. Cooper Jr. (Knopf, 757 pp., $35)

NEARLY 140 years after the fall of the Confederacy, the man who led it remains a mystery. Jefferson Davis has come down to us largely as a caricature; perhaps the best-known tale has him fleeing Union troops disguised in women's clothes. Yet like so much else that we now seem to "know" about his life, this is a fabrication. In truth, Davis was a deeply complex man, who loved his country—both of them. He greatly disliked the give-and-take of politics, but it was in politics that he spent the preponderance of his career; he revered Andrew Jackson and delivered his eulogy, proclaiming, "May our Union ever be preserved," but he became an ardent devotee of states' rights; he was a patriotic American who himself could have been president, yet when called, chose the Confederacy. How, then, did this man, so devoted to the Union, end up leading the struggle to destroy the United States?



For the most part, historians have portrayed Davis as an ideologue with few political skills; a second-rate leader with a bureaucratic mind; a brittle, ill-tempered personality who was never up to the job of running the Confederacy; and even as a racist and a traitor to his country. But in his authoritatively researched and impressive biography, William Cooper, a professor at Louisiana State University, seeks to rescue Davis from the stereotypes that have riddled earlier works, and to restore Davis as "a man of his time"—not ours.

Born in a Kentucky log cabin in 1808 and educated at Transylvania University and then West Point, Davis was cultured, cosmopolitan, and progressive. He knew Greek and Latin, read Virgil and Scott, and loved poetry. Though famously cold and aloof, he was often charming in private.

And he quickly rose beyond his humble beginnings to become one of the country's leading statesmen. Elected to the U.S. House of Representatives from Mississippi in 1845, Davis resigned to fight in the Mexican War, from which he emerged a national hero. After turning down (because of a a war wound) a general's commission, he received an appointment to the U.S. Senate. In 1853 he was made secretary of war under Franklin Pierce, introducing the Minié ball and experimenting with the western camel corps (they traveled twice as fast as horses, ate less, and could go three days without water). Returning to his post in the Senate, Davis earned the sobriquet "Calhoun of Mississippi"—for a southerner, there was no greater compliment. The *New York Times* would hail him as "the Cicero of the Senate."

■

William Cooper seeks to restore Jefferson Davis as 'a man of his time'—not ours.

■

Yet Davis was also forward-looking: He strongly supported the transcontinental railroad, territorial expansion, and free trade. He was a proponent of aiding science and spreading new information, even helping to set up the Smithsonian. And he was shrewd: While he came from a modest background, he smartly developed the right pedigree. His first wife, who died of malaria, was the daughter of the general and future president, Zachary Taylor; his beloved second wife, Varina Howell, was the granddaughter of a New Jersey governor. (The well-educated Varina, unlike Mary Lincoln, would become a full partner to her president-husband.)

But it is on the issue of slavery that Davis becomes most complex, and in

Mr. Winik's latest book, *April 1865: The Month That Saved America*, will be published next April by HarperCollins.

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—Elliott Abrams

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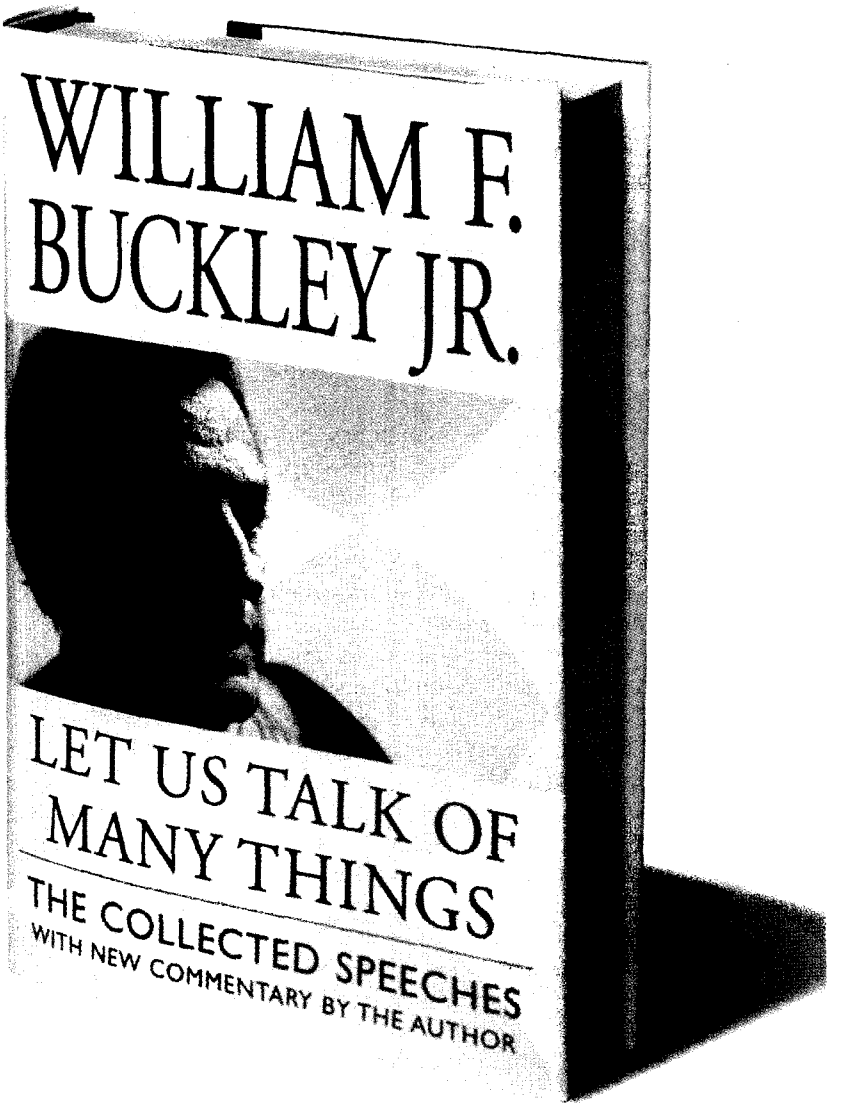

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Cooper's telling he appears less a racial demagogue than a tragic prisoner of historical circumstance. He was a firm believer in the slave system, but like most Americans, North and South, he saw it as a benevolent institution resting on firm constitutional foundations. Was he a racist? No, says Cooper, not by the standards of the day. Davis himself was a gentle, patriarchal master: On his plantation he retained, not a cruel white overseer, but a black one, whom he treated like a friend and family member. (According to some accounts, punishments were meted out by a black judge and jury, and Davis reduced any sentence he deemed too harsh.) Indeed, as Confederate president, Davis threatened the entire edifice of southern slavery with his stunning proposal to enlist slaves as soldiers with the expectation that their service would lead to emancipation, a move everyone understood to mean slavery's demise. (The measure eventually passed, but too late to make a meaningful difference.)

Cooper also puzzles over the question of how Davis, proud son of a Revolutionary War fighter, ended up becoming president of the Confederacy. On one hand, the answer appears simple: While a lover of his country, he loved his region more; and while he opposed secession, working tirelessly to find common ground between radicals on both sides of the Mason-Dixon line, he ultimately believed in the sovereign rights of states. Here he was guided by Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and John C. Calhoun. Yet his transition from American patriot to Confederate statesman was actually quite painful. His final speech, to a packed U.S. Senate in 1861, left the chamber "spellbound" (as the *New York Herald* reported)—and in tears. Davis himself was "grief stricken" and "in great agony." And though he was drafted to lead the fledgling Confederacy, it was a job he neither sought nor wanted. If anything, he would have preferred to be the Confederacy's war secretary.

Was he up to the job? By 1861, Davis was a sickly man, suffering from recurring high fever, facial neuralgia, painful ear aches, and repeated chills (all legacies of an earlier bout with malaria), as well as chronic pain in his foot from a Mexican War wound and impaired eyesight that would eventually render him blind in one eye. Yet his physical condition was one matter, his leadership another. While some eminent scholars, like David Potter, suggest that Davis was at fault for the Confederacy's defeat, Cooper's assessment is more textured.

Born in chaos, the rebel nation was riven by rancorous factions, bitter disputes, and savage feuding. Davis quarreled with his generals and colleagues. He refused to flatter members of Congress whose support he needed; he failed, until too late, to sack the disastrous general Braxton Bragg and badly

■ SHELF LIFE ■

As the new century begins, lawyers engage in courtroom debate about the technicalities of ballots: If it's *partly* pushed through, does that mean the candidate wins? This is the kind of history it might not be very exciting to read about, but it's certainly the kind a reasonable person would prefer to live through.

As if to prove this point, a new publishing company has been founded specializing in the history of that most unsavory of centuries, the just-concluded 20th. The charter of Enigma Books is to make available important works about the totalitarian century, when issues—and egos—were larger than life. Enigma's first release sets the tone: *Hitler's Table Talk, 1941–1944: His Private Conversations* (788 pp., $32), an invaluable resource on one of the century's most repellent—yet representative—figures. Hitler's acolyte Martin Bormann had note-takers present at some of the Führer's relaxed conversations, and as a result we can listen to the unguarded reflections of the dictator when he was at the height of his power.

Contemporaries puzzled over Hitler: Did private ideological obsessions drive his lust for power—or was he a gangster who cynically exploited those crank ideologies to win power? His private comments show him to have been quite committed to his crankery, which was of the village-atheist variety. Indeed, one of the most striking aspects of this long book is how often Hitler would return to questions of religion, specifically to express his contempt for Christianity, most especially in its Catholic form. He repeatedly refers to priests as "shavelings" and mocks their rituals: "I would gladly have recourse to the shavelings, if they could help us to intercept English or Russian aircraft. But, for the present, the men who serve our anti-aircraft guns are more useful than the fellows who handle the sprinkler." More ominously, on July 4, 1942, he told his friends: "The fact that I remain silent in public over Church affairs is not in the least misunderstood by the sly foxes of the Catholic Church, and I am quite sure that a man like the Bishop von Galen knows full well that after the war I shall extract retribution to the last farthing."

Another release from the fledgling Enigma is *In Stalin's Secret Service*, by W. G. Krivitsky (306 pp., $27)—a reprint of the 1939 memoir by one of the first major Soviet defectors. Walter Krivitsky was the chief of Soviet espionage in Western Europe in the late 1930s, and he was an eyewitness to Stalin's cynicism—his brutal Realpolitik approach in the Spanish Civil War; his execution of the old Bolsheviks and his general staff; and his fervent courting of Hitler, long before the notorious Molotov-Ribbentrop pact of 1939.

In 1941, Krivitsky died under very suspicious circumstances in a Washington, D.C., hotel room. The police believed it was a suicide, but many of Krivitsky's friends thought he had been murdered. One of the most valuable parts of this book is a 36-page appendix containing a 1966 article by the *Washington Post*'s Flora Lewis, which summarizes Krivitsky's life and the controversy surrounding his death; the reader would do well to read Lewis's article first, before tackling Krivitsky's text.

Krivitsky gave credible testimony about the crimes of the Soviet regime before the Cold War even began, and he paid a great price for his witness. We should be grateful to have his work back in print. —MICHAEL POTEMRA

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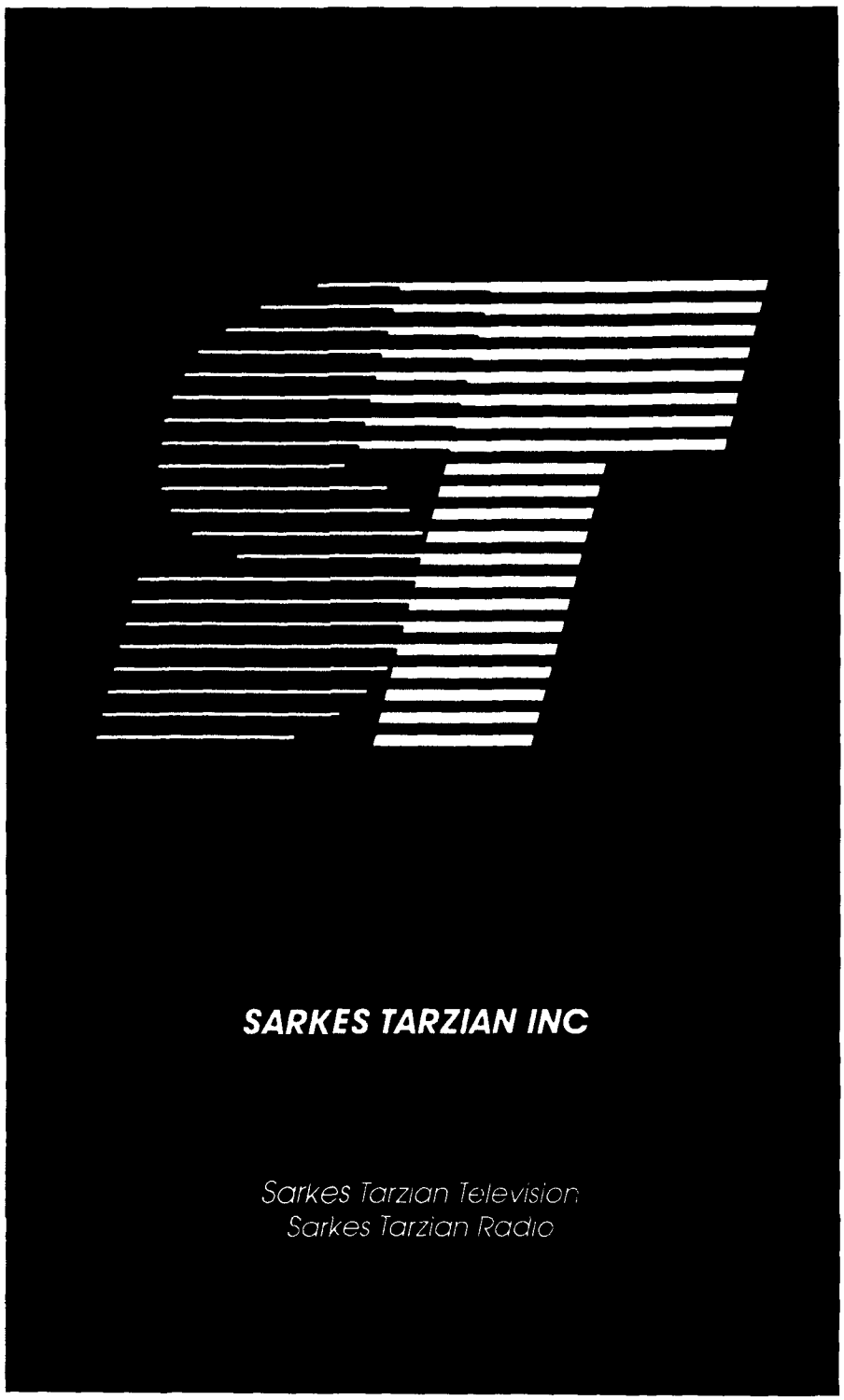
mismanaged the war in the West; he repeatedly shuffled his cabinet, re-staffing the war department a debilitating four times; and he was mired unnecessarily in minutiae.

At the same time, Davis cultivated a relationship with Gen. Robert E. Lee; he retained—despite criticism and anti-Semitism—the talented Judah P. Benjamin as secretary of state; and he was quite flexible in running the war, embracing tenets of a centralized national state that had once been anathema to Confederate ideology—draft laws, habeas corpus suspension, confiscatory tax management, and, of course, the enlisting of slaves and the de facto abandonment of slavery. He also adhered to the moral codes of war: While William Tecumseh Sherman was ravaging southern cities, Davis refused to act in kind, rejecting a proposal to send yellow-fever-infected blankets via ships into northern cities. And he was indefatigable: Three times, Davis took lengthy trips through the rebel heartland to rally the Confederacy, one ("a Herculean effort," according to Cooper) spanning 32 days. In the end, Cooper suggests that—contrary to latter-day critics—Davis, despite many failings, was a strong executive who retained the upper hand in legislative affairs and always stood as the "preeminent man in the Confederacy."

The most poignant part of this first-rate book, however, is post–Civil War. Here Cooper deftly humanizes Davis—not just as statesman and failed Confederate, but as father and husband. For two years, Davis was held in captivity at Fort Monroe, and for four years the U.S. government refused to drop its indictment for treason. Described by one of his physicians as a "man broken down in mind, body, and estate," Davis spent an astonishing 24 more years trying to rebuild his shattered world. He launched a business career that failed and even considered selling his furniture. He wandered, for anonymity, first to Canada, then England, where he couldn't afford the social life among the elites who quickly welcomed him; then to France, where he refused an audience with Emperor Napoleon III (who he believed had been insincere in flirting with but never recognizing the Confederacy); and eventually back to the South, to the Gulf Coast of Mississippi, where he would write his memoirs. Through it all, he remained dignified and unrepentant, never wavering in his view that by supporting secession he was "upholding the Constitution." Accordingly, he never requested a pardon. He eschewed running for governor or senator, though either could have been his for the asking. And he retained the continued admiration and affection of the southern people.

Yet at the end, Davis's life came full circle: In his final public appearance, the 81-year-old urged his audience to hold dear their Confederate heritage, but not to let the past entrap them. Their patriotism, he intoned, now belonged to a "reunited country." To the United States. **NR**



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Soul Survivor

CAROL IANNONE

Another Beauty, by Adam Zagajewski (Farrar, Straus, 215 pp., $23)

I RECENTLY saw the film *East-West* with a friend who grew up in Communist Romania. The film is based on the actual experiences of some Russians who fled their country for France during the 1917 revolution and accepted the invitation from a supposedly more open Soviet government to return after the Allied victory in World War II. In the film, the friendly invitation turns out to be a fraud; the émigrés are brutally treated and soon learn the truth of the police state they cannot now escape. Not long into the screening my friend was weeping and nudging me with whispered comments. *I remember*, she said, recalling her own experience under a Soviet-dominated regime. *It was like that. Yes, they were like that.*

I was suddenly struck by how little I had heard about life under Communism since the fall of the Berlin Wall in 1989. Why has there been only a trickle, and not a flood, of memoirs, histories, biographies, films, and documentaries comparable to what eventually followed the fall of Nazism? Jean-François Revel has suggested that the unwillingness to expose the full extent of the suffering endured under Communism is a signal that socialist utopianism is not yet dead—which is all the more reason to appreciate Adam Zagajewski's lovely memoir, *Another Beauty*.

■

Adam Zagajewski presents the everyday grayness of life behind the Iron Curtain.

■

Zagajewski, who has been called "a major poet" by Nobel laureate Czeslaw Milosz, is known in the West mainly through three volumes of poetry—*Tremor* (1985), *Canvas* (1991), and *Mysticism for Beginners* (1997)—and two collections of essays. Born in 1945 and raised in the "lesser totalitarianism" that followed the "crisis of 1956," in which a Polish workers' uprising resulted in a thaw, Zagajewski was part of the "New Wave" of writers and intellectuals who rose in opposition to Communist rule in 1968. He was politically active during the '70s, emigrated to Paris in 1982, and now teaches one semester a year at the University of Houston.

Zagajewski is the first to admit that his is not one of the more dramatic stories of life under Communism. Unlike my friend's father, for example, he was never harassed, hunted, tried, and imprisoned, although he was blacklisted and involved in confrontations with the police. But in a way, what he has to tell us about the quiet desolation of the soul under socialism, about the mind in exile from "self-evident truths," is even more crucially important.

Zagajewski has endured many types of exile in his life, as he relates in one of his books of essays, *Two Cities: On Exile, History, and the Imagination* (1995), and in the present book as well. First there was the exile from Lvov, where he was born, and where his family had lived for generations. When the borders were altered after World War II, the region became part of the Ukraine, and the Zagajewski family was forced to move to Gliwice in order to remain in Poland. His education in Krakow he considers a minor exile in itself, a voluntary "leaving home" that brought him into a wider world, as did his later removal to the West. But most important is the internal exile—the divorce from truth and the absence of "wholeness"—that characterized life under Communism. As a result of this exile, Zagajewski asserts, he sought a home in the world of art, poetry, and the imagination.

As a member of the politically conscious New Wave movement, Zagajewski wrote political poetry (most of which, regrettably, has not been translated into English) and collaborated with Julian Kornhauser on a manifesto called *The World Not Represented* (1974), a polemic against the previous generation of Polish poets who had remained agnostic about Communism. Ironically, however, when Zagajewski saw in the early '80s that Communism was nearing its end, he began to feel the limitations of politically engaged art and to compose the kind of poetry the West knows him by, recording small moments of illumination, lucidity, and grace, resistant to political abstractions. As he writes in "Fire": "I used to sing/those songs and I know how great it is/to run with others; later, by myself,/with the taste of ashes in my mouth, I heard/the lie's ironic voice and the choir screaming/and when I touched my head I could feel/the arched skull of my country, its hard edge." If the new book and his later poetry show him reaching for truth, it is the mystical truth that rationalism denies, not a systematic framework of thought.

Another Beauty is not a continuous narrative, but a collection of descriptions, meditations, and speculations. Instead of large, cataclysmic events, Zagajewski presents the everyday grayness of life behind the Iron Curtain, the little humiliations incurred through physical and spiritual privation: the hills around Lvov "splattered with Soviet

Carol Iannone is editor-at-large of *Academic Questions*.

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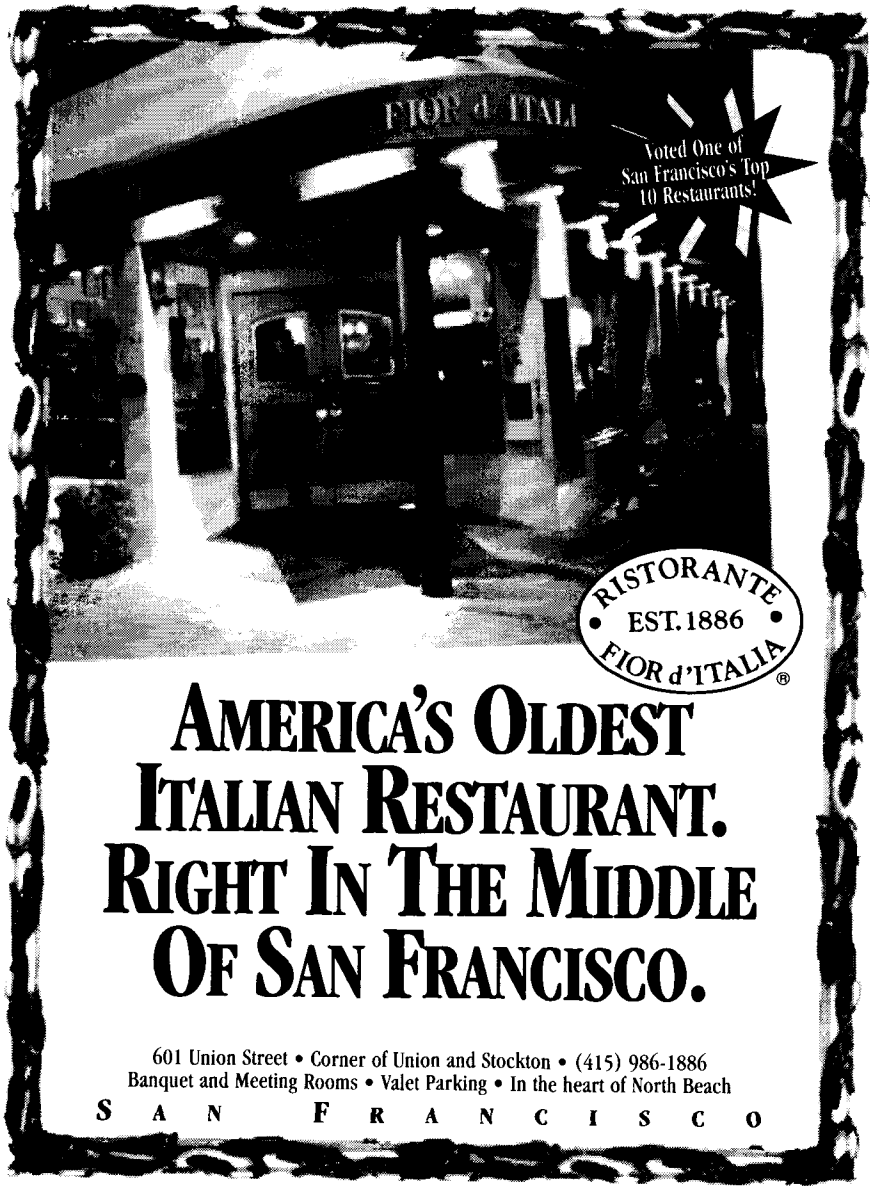
ugliness"; the lights burning in the censorship bureau in Krakow far into the night as the morning papers are scrutinized; the households crowded with broken appliances and worn-out goods because no one can be sure when some salvaged part might be useful; the deadening mendacity of a Marxist education and the ever-growing list of "forbidden books"—like those of Milosz. Some of Zagajewski's university teachers thrive under Communism, shamelessly currying favor with the state; others have their humanity scooped out as they carefully skirt subjects that might impinge on official "truth."

But this is not a story of bleakness. There are also glimpses of the beauty and inspiration that classical music and the great poetry of the past could still provide, of the exceptional persistence of the Catholic Church, of the courage of dissident intellectuals such as Adam Michnik (who wrote the widely read *Letters from Prison and Other Essays*), and of ordinary people managing the business of survival in the "small pockets of life" still untouched by the sludge of totalitarianism. Such are the factors that the poet credits with his own survival of the soul-numbing rule of Communism, and not any great inspiration from the Free World. Although he did not undergo the awesome trials of a Solzhenitsyn, Zagajewski seems to support the Russian writer's conviction of the inadequacy of Western thought and culture—its rationalism, relativism, nihilism, and taste for the ironic, its deoxygenated modernist art and literature that no longer seek to satisfy the soul's hunger for the divine.

Zagajewski locates what he sees as the fatal aesthetic turn toward modernism on the night of October 4, 1892, when French poet Paul Valéry suffered a spiritual crisis and by dawn had "destroyed all his previous idols" except "the idol of the intellect." He will "henceforth . . . never again submit to inspiration" but "will exalt craft" instead. With this, Zagajewski dramatically concludes, "the flame had died. The way to the 20th century now lay open." Of modernist icons Picasso, Stravinsky, and Joyce, Zagajewski offers a less reverent view, that they sacrificed vision to formal experimentation, and that "they acted as if history had run its course," as if there were no longer "a human community that was perhaps still yearning" for "wholeness."

Like Solzhenitsyn, Zagajewski also sees a general decline of character in the West. Surrounded by jogging bodies, glowing skin, and celebrity sex "in the great wealthy cities of the West," he believes the "soul is slowly dying, genuinely forgotten." Indeed, the "simplest certainties" that the poet again possesses now that Communism is a thing of the past can sometimes seem as imperiled in the West as they were in the East—the existence of the soul and of the "higher life," the importance of moral understanding and a grasp of the difference between good and evil.

Yet despite the pessimism, irony, and stylistic coldness of many of the modern writers he has read, as well as the loss of the divine in the modern world, Zagajewski finds that he is still, to borrow Wordsworth's phrase, "surprised by joy." "Goodness does exist!" he exclaims. "Not just evil, stupidity, and Satan." In the poem from which he takes his title, Zagajewski writes, "Salvation lies with others," and asserts, "We find comfort only in/another beauty, in others'/music, in the poetry of others." Zagajewski's memoir is his acknowledgement of those "others," the artists and writers and ordinary and extraordinary people who he believes saw him through. "I emerged whole from this crucible," he can gratefully say, "or nearly whole." Let us hope we hear more from these "others" who have likewise undergone this crucible and emerged with the gift of another beauty. **NR**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■ FILM ■

Where's the Love?

JOHN SIMON

WHEN Doug Wright's *Quills* was an Off Broadway play, I lambasted it in *New York* magazine. Now, in Wright's movie adaptation, it is much more elaborate and, if possible, worse yet. There is an essay by Wright in the press kit that reveals his subliteracy. He refers to Sade as "a professor emeritus of Evil," obviously not knowing the meaning of "emeritus." He says that as Sade's name is the root of the term "sadism," the Marquis's contribution to culture was "entomological." And he is a lousy reader, averring that in *La Philosophie dans le boudoir*, "an elderly dowager is forcibly infected with syphilis," even though Madame de Mistival is neither a widow nor over 32, which makes her ineligible for either possible meaning of Wright's pleonasm

Here is how Wright writes: "The stories seem to spring—like gorgons—from a vast, ever-replenished well of rage." Gorgons, of whom there were only three, did not spring from any well; they were the malformed daughters of Phorcys and Ceto. Sade, we read, "writes to vent at the hypocritical forces which oppress him," which, aside from the misuse of "vent" without an object, speaks well for Sade. Yet "he registers as an amalgam of our basest appetites, stripped bare," which, besides being a mixed metaphor, speaks, contradictorily, ill of him. And Wright gets his facts wrong: Sade did not spend "over 30 years" in prison, but 27, which, to be sure, is bad enough.

Wright admits that much of his story is fiction, which I would allow him so long as the fiction is good and does not blatantly contradict the known facts. The movie, however, is an extended clean dirty joke, titillating with bits of routine raunchiness, but never delving for deeper insight. And much of it is grossly derivative.

For example, Wright has Sade staging an obscene play at Charenton, the madhouse where he lived in relative comfort; what he actually put on were comedies in the manner of Marivaux. What is more, the play scathingly satirizes Dr. Royer-Collard, the asylum's medical head, which would have been doubly disallowed. Performing this before the draconian doctor to embarrass him is, of course, Hamlet's famous strategy vis-à-vis Claudius. Again, the Abbé Coulmier (in real life a four-foot hunchback; here played by the tall and sexy Joaquin Phoenix), the spiritual head of Charenton, is made to lose the self-control with which he undeclaredly yearns for the pretty young laundress Madeleine (Kate Winslet); when she dies, he goes berserk with uncontrollable lust. This is a steal from Anatole France's novel *Thaïs*, and Massenet's opera based on it; but neither source lets the good abbé have necrophiliac intercourse with the dead young woman.

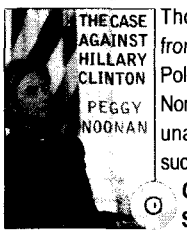
Whether or not Geoffrey Rush gives a true performance as Sade is overshadowed by his having to play his last scenes in the nude, although I doubt if anyone will derive much pleasure from the sight. Philip Kaufman, a pseudointellectual director, has directed with some flair and much specious fancifulness. *Quills* provides few chills and fewer thrills.

■ The action flick ***Proof of Life*** opens with Peter Bowman, an American engineer working on a dam in a fictional South American country, Tecala, being abducted by Marxist guerrillas and held in a mountain hideaway for a $3 million ransom. The U.S. diplomats are no help whatever to his panicky wife, Alice: Still less so are the greedy Texas oil-company men planning a pipeline that the rebels reprehend as colonization. Bowman's U.S. employer has gone bust; the captive is no longer covered by insurance. Alice, even with the help of Peter's nervous spinster sister, Janis, who arrives from the U.S., can at best raise $600,000.

The two women engage the services of Terry Thorne, an Australian expert in K&R (kidnap and ransom) negotiations, who, at first, drops the job and returns to his London base. But he hotfoots it back to Tecala to deliver the two desperate women from the services of a corrupt Tecalan negotiator. Terry seems to be smitten with Alice, and as he deploys his tough, canny negotiating skills, she reciprocates the attraction. Corruption is everywhere in Tecala, among the government people and the rebels alike. The latter transfer Peter from the picturesque Andes to the even more picturesque rain forests, presumably so the director, Taylor Hackford, and his cameraman, Slawomir Idziak, can give us plenty of lush panoramas. (Most of the movie was shot in Ecuador.)

The film, though based on a piece of investigative journalism and, more remotely, the true-life story of an American's kidnapping in Colombia, is an awkward retread of *Casablanca*, as others, too, have noticed. The triangle (such as it is) of Peter-Alice-Terry duplicates a similar one in the beloved 1942 film, and the noble self-sacrifice in the final airport scene is far more Casablanca than Tecala.

As the captured Peter, David Morse suffers doughtily, but Meg Ryan manages to simultaneously over- and underact as Alice. Pamela Reed, a fine actress, gets little to do but worry as Janis. Russell Crowe, as Terry, exudes his special brand of hangdog sexiness—stolid or surly on top, sensitive and melancholy beneath—and I can see its appeal to women. The American diplomats are properly ineffectual or calculating; the Tecalans range from decent to brutish, from servile to sinister, as Tecalans should. It all ends in a huge shoot-'em-up, which Hackford doesn't quite know how to direct; but he and his Polish cinematographer do know how to make Ecuador look alluring. **NR**



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■ CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS ■

MEMORANDUM

To: All Classified Advertisers
From: Tony Savage

This is our last issue of the year 2000 and, as it happens, our 45th Anniversary Issue. As is my year-end wont to do, I'm greedily taking a bit of space here simply to thank all of you who've advertised your goods or services with us these past 12 months. Every year, in this small but heartfelt valentine, I say pretty much the same thing, namely, that my dealings with all of you have been consistently pleasant. Yet that is a truth worth repeating, and worth cherishing. Whether you ran a single ad in the Classifieds, or you've been with us for years, the maxim stands: You are uniformly fine people. And I very much appreciate not only your business, but also you. Whether we've exchanged communications over the telephone, or through the mail, the experience was nearly always positive, and for that I am profoundly grateful.

It's been a rather bizarre political season, to say the least, but then again, most of them are, in one way or another. We at NATIONAL REVIEW will continue to fight the good fight, and we're grateful for the support of all our loyal subscribers and advertisers.

Again, my sincere personal thanks to all of you who have availed yourselves of this forum, designed to bring together willing sellers and willing buyers. As always, I trust that the various transactions initiated here were mutually beneficial.

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WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

The 1-2-3 of It All

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 29

RIGHT after the declaration by Florida's secretary of state that Gov. George W. Bush of Texas was the winner of the state's electoral votes, the people in Austin raised the question: What should we call thee? There was a slight delay from the sanctum sanctorum, then the reply: You are to continue to refer to him as "Governor" Bush. Exactly the same thing happened to Sen. John F. Kennedy the morning after he won his election victory. "How should we refer to you?" one reporter asked at close hand. The pause. Then, "Call me 'Mr. Kennedy.'" He dropped "Senator." Dubya wasn't quite ready to drop "Governor" because, of course, though it is unlikely, it remains a hypothetical possibility that next January 20, they will still be referring to Dubya as governor, when Al Gore is sworn in as president.

This is unlikely, though there is much cross fire ahead. John Podhoretz, in his column in the *New York Post*, gave a day-by-day account of what the Gore people need to do to invalidate the finding of the secretary of state. It is a most tedious process, for reasons political, judicial, and biological.

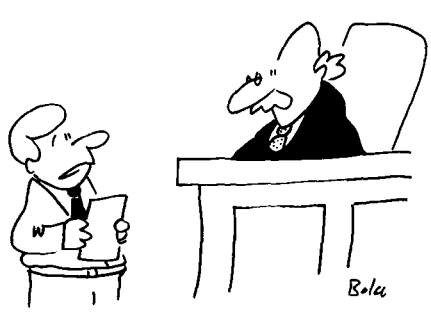
Political procedure now casts the Gore people, who are objecting to the appointment of the Bush electors, as plaintiffs. They are going to the circuit court in Florida and saying: We propose to prove to you that the secretary of state violated Florida law by failing to count this, by counting that, by failing to grant more time to them, etc. How are lawsuits of that kind heard? You have to have witnesses. And you have to have depositions. And you have to have arguments. To do all of that under the constraints of federal law (December 12) is a strain in the best of times and, of course, the decision of the lower court would be subject to appeal.

Meanwhile, the Florida legislature is predictably going to say something on the order of, "Remember us? We're the people who are supposed to decide what the law is in the state of Florida. Well, here is one law effective this minute." And they will come up with the Bush electors that Gore, Inc., is fighting against in the lower state court. But such a law needs to be approved by the governor of the state who—an Italian opera librettist could have written this—is the *brother* of the Republican candidate and has recused himself from hand-to-hand participation in the post–Election Day process, though the librettist might have thought it entirely appropriate for Jebino to do something for his brother post-election, making up for what he failed to do for him pre-election.

But—as we were told by Aristotle—the devil is in the details, and without a governor's signature, six days go by. On the seventh day, it's official—which is still in time for the great electoral count of December 18; but the whole process is a little unsteady on its feet, pending action by the Supreme Court of the United States.

On what issue? Basically, on the sovereignty of the legislature of the state of Florida, given that, under the Constitution, electors are to be appointed "in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct."

Nobody is around charging that the Florida balloting officials were withholding votes from blacks, Hispanics, women, illiterates, or anybody entitled to vote under federal voting-rights laws. The Court is being implored, on the contrary, to interpret the intercession of the Florida state courts as an interruption of legal (and, of course, constitutional) activity by the state to issue and pursue its own declarations having to do with election procedures. The Supreme Court's proper role here is to say: The legislature has the right to declare the circumstances in which the secretary of state may appoint electoral victors. If Florida wants to move into the new year with impeachment proceedings directed against sitting judges or, for that matter, against legislators, they are free to go ahead, but should not interrupt the casting of electoral votes for the U.S. presidency on December 18.



"Your Honor, I'm afraid the next case is a counter-counter-counter-countersuit."

But let us hope that some day, before the end of the next century, a great big bonfire will be lit, perhaps by the National Brotherhood of Electoral Epistemologists, and casket after casket of sealed ballots will be cremated. Otherwise we will have continuing history on the order of what sprang from the pistol found on Sacco and Vanzetti. Another Woodstock typewriter used by Alger Hiss. Another grassy knoll behind which the true killer of JFK hid. At least the nut-chaser, in this case, would face the job of hand counting a million or so ballots, and where would he/she publish the findings, besides in *The Nation* magazine? And who would believe them? The same readers.

Bush an Imposter?

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 1

SUPPOSE—the reader is requested to luxuriate in the metaphor—suppose that the *New York Times* simply refused to acknowledge that George W. Bush was the president of the United States.

That's make-believe, of course. There are people who twit the *Times*'s hold on reality by such wisecracks as that What'shisname can't really be dead, the *New York Times* hasn't recorded the event!

But moving from fantasy in the direction of palpability, however ephemeral, there are people out there who are going to say that Mr. Bush is not truly president. They'll parse that differently. The democratic bean counters will stress simply that he got fewer votes nationally than Al Gore. Others, while not ignoring that observation will refine it by insisting that Gore "really" got more votes in Florida than Bush did.

Never mind, for the moment, whether the true Florida count will be ascertainable. If judicial action arrests another recount, that will leave critics saying that the rejected recount would have established Gore's victory. If a recount is done that does less than establish Gore's putative victory, dissenters will argue that arbitrary, or unreasonable, methods were used, or tolerated, in conducting that final recount.

What can be generated here is a mood: Is that man really the father of that child?

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Did "the people" really bear George W. Bush as president?

In midweek, at a seminar of conservative men and women of intellectual inclination, one opinion was that the claims to legitimacy by a President Bush would never be consensually affirmed. No one at that seminar denied that if Bush is sworn in as president, he can drop the atomic bomb legally. What is raised is the question of legitimacy as rising from the loins of "the people." The ultimate mystique of self-government, the transubstantiation of the single voter who, begetting a majority, creates a legitimate government.

The formal authority of a President Bush would therefore be acknowledged as simply factual. But if a corrosive dissent, alleging his failure actually to have won a majority of the Florida voters, were doggedly advanced, the authority of the president would be affected in ways other than simply by the congressional friction one anticipates when the two political parties are roughly equal, in representation in the Senate and the House, and in the distribution of electoral support. Is he really the father of that child?

The only way to wrestle against the temptation to illegitimatize a sworn-in president is to examine the mystique that brings legitimacy, and give it just a touch of restorative skepticism.

Consider the implications of the democratic formula. If 50 million people vote for John and 50 million plus one vote for James, James is legitimate. But that is nothing more than a procedural covenant. There are abundant historical reasons to remind ourselves that the ballot isn't necessarily the agent of wholesome government. In 1836, a democratic Congress passed the gag rule forbidding so much as the filing of any document against the institution of slavery. Almost exactly 100 years later, a democratic vote elected Adolf Hitler leader of Germany. Lincoln, at a grave moment in our history, intoned his solemn salute to the ballot: "When ballots have fairly, and constitutionally, decided [a political question], there can be no successful appeal . . . except to ballots themselves, at succeeding elections." Any attempt to dismiss the election of George W. Bush as fraudulent invites the wrong kind of skepticism, as if to say that the priest hiccoughed and thereby invalidated the act of transubstantiation.

The right kind of skepticism should rest with the acceptance of electoral results in well-intended democratic exercises as conclusive; until, as Mr. Lincoln put it, successful appeals are brought by succeeding elections.

Reforms? What Kind?

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 5

ONE radio commentator, in the thick of the judicial flurry on Monday, commented icily that some Republicans seemed to be saying that there was no *national* right to vote in presidential elections, that the logic of the position of Justice Scalia was as simple as that if the legislature of the state of Florida ruled that no one was qualified to vote for president, so would it be. The shorthand for this form of reductionism in argument is: Who says A, must say B. I.e., any man who holds that the legislature is supreme on the question of elections to federal office must commit himself to saying that the legislature is entitled simply to eliminate the presidential ballot.

The most obvious objection to this kind of formal reasoning is that democratic resistance would not permit it. If Tallahassee were to adopt *(per impossibile)* any such position, what would happen to the people who sit in Tallahassee? Exactly. The Constitution requires that member states be governed by representative elections. There are congressional enactments that have survived judicial scrutiny that guarantee that states shall not discriminate on the basis of race or sex or ethnic origin. If a state were to restrict the vote in such a way as the commentator imagines, it is quickly predictable that the composition of its legislature would change at the next election, assuming that impeachment proceedings hadn't, in the meantime, gone forward.

But the Florida impasse certainly called for reforms. It should not be arguable, in the future, whether a ballot was correctly accosted by the voter. The day of the ambiguous chad should be over. How to do this?

The problem is only technical in nature. Sen. Torricelli of New Jersey has proposed a $100 million program to devise and distribute voting machines to the states whose operation is unambiguous. The argument could be advanced by legislatures opposed to a federalization of voting procedures that to do such a thing is to overstep the authority of the state legislatures. Question: Would any state, offered a couple of million dollars with which to buy new machines, turn that money down? If so, why? If there is a parochial motive in reserving the power to the individual legislatures, for what purpose is it intended? Since we rule out that partisan advantages are the motives for retaining old and anachronized ballots, what would be the purpose in declining to participate in the loot of new voting machines?

It is very important, in the current controversy, to restress that it is not persuasively charged that any voting precincts in Florida acted as they did on November 7 in order to advance partisan interests. The argument about proffering identification aid to absentee ballots is superficially arresting. True, GOP coadjutors were here and there present in Seminole County, volunteering to give ID's to absentee voters. But it is not charged that the voters who benefited from this little courtesy were exclusively Republican. If you forget to jot down, in your application, a piece of information the supplying of which, done by a third party, is on the order of a civil courtesy, something less than a distortion of the vote is in order. Anyone who has filed a customs declaration form on returning from abroad is accustomed to seeing obliging officials write in details inadvertently omitted (the proper date, the flight number, the airline traveled).

What will certainly need to be advertised more widely than was done in Florida are disqualifying irregularities. If an impression will be required that can't be abbreviated, the point must be made entirely clear. No pregnant ballots? Then no inseminated ballots.

But then perhaps the voting machines that will eventuate under the Torricelli program will not themselves permit halfhearted votes. Maybe, adding an additional $10 million to the program, they can be designed to spit forth: "ASS! PULL LEVER FURTHER DOWN TO REGISTER YOUR VOTE!" This message could be communicated in two languages, to satisfy any charge of ethnic discrimination. And we'd end up with a tally that corresponded to a) the numbers of votes cast, and b) the number of votes that observed the minimal requirements imposed by nondiscriminatory laws and regulations.

Are there other reforms? If that means different ways of doing things, the answer is yes, obviously. One could abolish the electoral system, institute proportional representation, levy fines for a failure to vote. The list goes on, but requires that we pause in our reformist zeal to ask: Isn't the constitutional mode a pretty good way of doing things, never mind the statistical anomaly of 100 million voters split almost exactly down the middle?

—UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE

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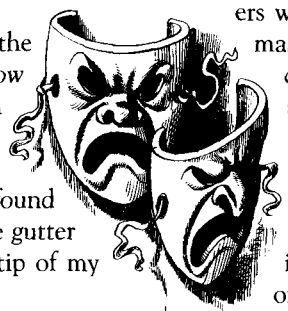
■ THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER ■

FLORENCE KING

DEAR Gentle Readers: Here it is, Christmas-letter time again. Usually I e-mail my columns to NR, but I'm having this one delivered in a Ryder truck. If they have a flat tire and I miss my deadline, I'll appeal to the International Court in The Hague.

The first order of business is choosing a famous quotation that best expresses my view of the past year. I found two. Naturally they're tied, so I'll give you both:

Catherine the Great on the wisdom of democracy: "How can shoemakers meddle in affairs of state?"



Bonaparte on the best way to settle a recount: "I found the crown of France in the gutter and picked it up on the tip of my sword."

Actually I have no business writing anything at this point because my mind is a jumbled mess from following the news. I tried to watch something else, but it's not that simple. One night when I checked the TV schedule for escapist fare, I found three movies about going crazy: *The Snake Pit*, starring Olivia de Havilland; *Frances*, starring Jessica Lange as the lobotomized actress Frances Farmer; and *Mister Buddwing*, in which James Garner loses his memory.

After all the straitjackets I was ready for a life jacket, so the next night I watched the second half of *Titanic*, timing it to miss the teenage romance and come in at the collision so I could tell myself that I was still following the news. A shipwreck is a shipwreck.

The special effects were breathtaking, but the aura of high school clung to the film like a barnacle. I'm still debating whether one incredible line was included for adolescent comic relief. The intrepid Al Gore, handcuffed to a post with water rising around him, tells the hysterical Tipper to go find something to free him. She doesn't want to be parted from him, but he assures her sweetly, "I'll be here when you get back." Does anyone doubt it? Lines like this are the heart and soul of har-har juvenile mirth. When Tipper returns with an ax and swings frantically at his chains, I half-expected her to chop off his hands by mistake and say "Oops."

It's been a memorable year for mail. Judging from the sheer volume of letters I received, your favorite column was the one in which I said the women's vote is killing us. Everybody agreed with me! Interestingly, the most fervent supporters were other women, but female masochism was nowhere in evidence. Usually, when a writer slams women, the kick-me-again crowd invariably chimes in, but there was none of that. One reader said she would gladly give up her right to vote if it would get Nita Lowey out of Congress and Margaret Carlson off the tube.

At the other end of the scale, my Elián column drew exactly three favorable replies, plus lots of travel advice ("Go back to Cuba!"), and what has to be a first: a charge of encouraging incest. I'm still trying to figure it out.

I got lots of interesting general letters as well. One came from a student who wanted to know why I never write about foreign policy. Write about it? I don't even read about it unless it concerns England, in which case it's not foreign.

I was also cast as Ann Landers by a lovelorn reader who asked for advice on how to survive a grand passion, and a computer expert who said he admired my quips and wordplays and wanted some tips on how to do it so he could banish his inner techie and be popular at parties. I hated having to tell him it was too late. The way to "do what *you* do," as he called it, is to graduate from college qualified to do nothing except crossword puzzles in ink. The way to do that is to take courses whose catalog descriptions kick off with "The flowering of . . ." Especially if they're French lit., which they usually are. Also sign up for "Symbolism in . . ." and "Little-known aspects from . . ." Chart your future like this and you'll be able to quip your little heart out.

I fear I was too discouraging, though, so I'm going to do a column especially for him: an outline for a book called *The War of the Spanish Succession for Dummies*. I was going to use this war last year to send up Pat Buchanan's book, *A Republic, Not an Empire*, calling mine *A Brou, Not a Ha-Ha*, but Pat has faded from the scene now. I only hope that Bay Buchanan has faded along with him. Not many guys have a sister like that, as Cesare Borgia used to say.

Now for my news. I'm puffed in the much-discussed liberal-conversion book *How I Accidentally Joined the Vast Right-Wing Conspiracy (and Found Inner Peace)* by former *Esquire* writer Harry Stein, who said nice things about me and NR on page 60.

I was the subject of the *New York Times* Sunday acrostic on September 24. I was thrilled, though it was downright eerie when I realized it was spelling out my name. I was stuck on it and almost ready to give up when it hit me. The quote they chose, from one of my old books, is not one of my better sentences, but I won't complain.

I was chosen for inclusion in *Who's Who of American Women*, the Millennium Edition. I didn't buy a copy because I can think of better uses for $200. Besides, owning your own reference books strikes me as unseemly; too much like the baronet in *Persuasion*, who kept his copy of *Debrett's* open to his page on the hall table where everybody was sure to see it. By the way, remember to say "of" American women. The usual Who's Who preposition is "in," but they can't very well use that here, though if they did the entries probably would be a lot longer.

I'm pleased to announce that the new year will feature a new show, *Madame Florenza Predicts*, on The NATIONAL REVIEW Psychic Network. The schedule isn't firmed up yet, but I'm in line for a 3:30 A.M. slot after the infomercial for inflatable scooters. I taped the first segment today so I'll give you a sneak preview:

At W.'s Inauguration on January 20, Al Gore will pull out a gun and try to shoot himself, but won't be able to get the trigger lock off. **NR**

Miss King can be reached at P. O. Box 7113, Fredericksburg, Va. 22404.

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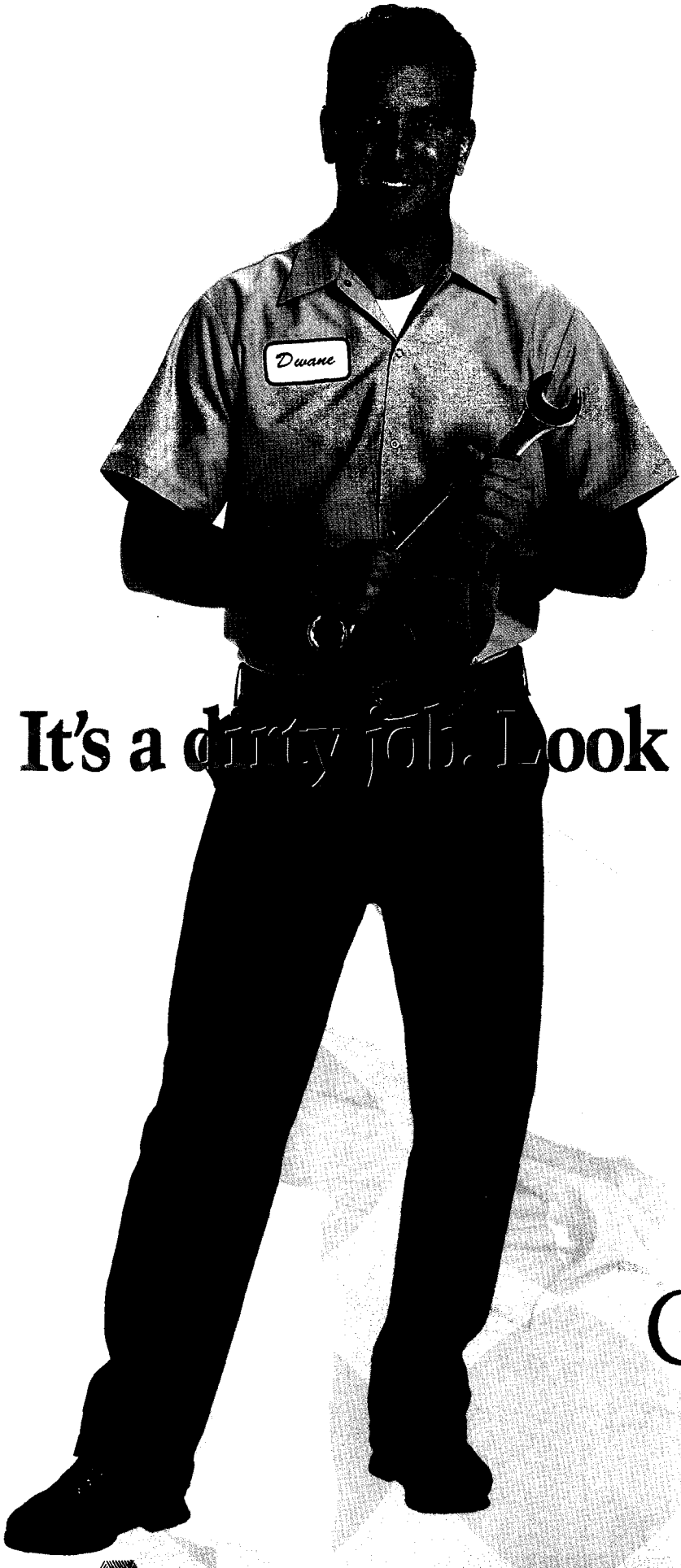

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And now it's even softer throughout, for maximum comfort with no loss of performance or durability.

Make sure your uniforms are made with Cirrus II™. That way everybody looks good — including you.

CIRRUS II™

Even more comfort.

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KIDS & TOBACCO

Kids should not smoke. Nor should they have access to tobacco products. We believe there is broad agreement on this important issue.

At Philip Morris USA, we are committed to dealing responsibly with the complex problem of underage smoking. There is no single, easy answer to this issue. Many experts suggest the best way to address underage smoking is through broad-based, integrated approaches that include communications, education, community involvement and access prevention.

As part of our commitment to play a role in reducing underage smoking, we have created a Youth Smoking Prevention Department whose sole purpose is to develop and support programs to help reduce the incidence of youth smoking. We've dedicated significant resources—over $100 million last year—toward initiatives based on the key components listed above. We are spending another $100 million against these initiatives in 2000.

Our effort includes support for school-based programs, one of which has been recognized for prevention excellence by the National Centers for Disease Control and Prevention and other national organizations. We're also running national advertising campaigns: one that encourages kids not to smoke, and one that urges parents to talk to their kids about not smoking.

To help prevent minors' access to tobacco products, we support and help fund the Coalition for Responsible Tobacco Retailing's nationwide "We Card" retailer education and training program. This effort has helped train over 500,000 retail store employees to reject attempted purchases by minors.

Working to help prevent youth smoking is important and it's the right thing to do for our company and for our employees. It's also the right thing to do on behalf of our shareholders and our adult customers. Everyone has a stake in solving the problem of underage smoking. At Philip Morris USA, we are working to help find answers.

For more information about our youth smoking prevention efforts, visit our Web site at www.philipmorrisusa.com. If you don't have Internet access, please call 1-877-PMUSAWEB.

TOBACCO TODAY
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